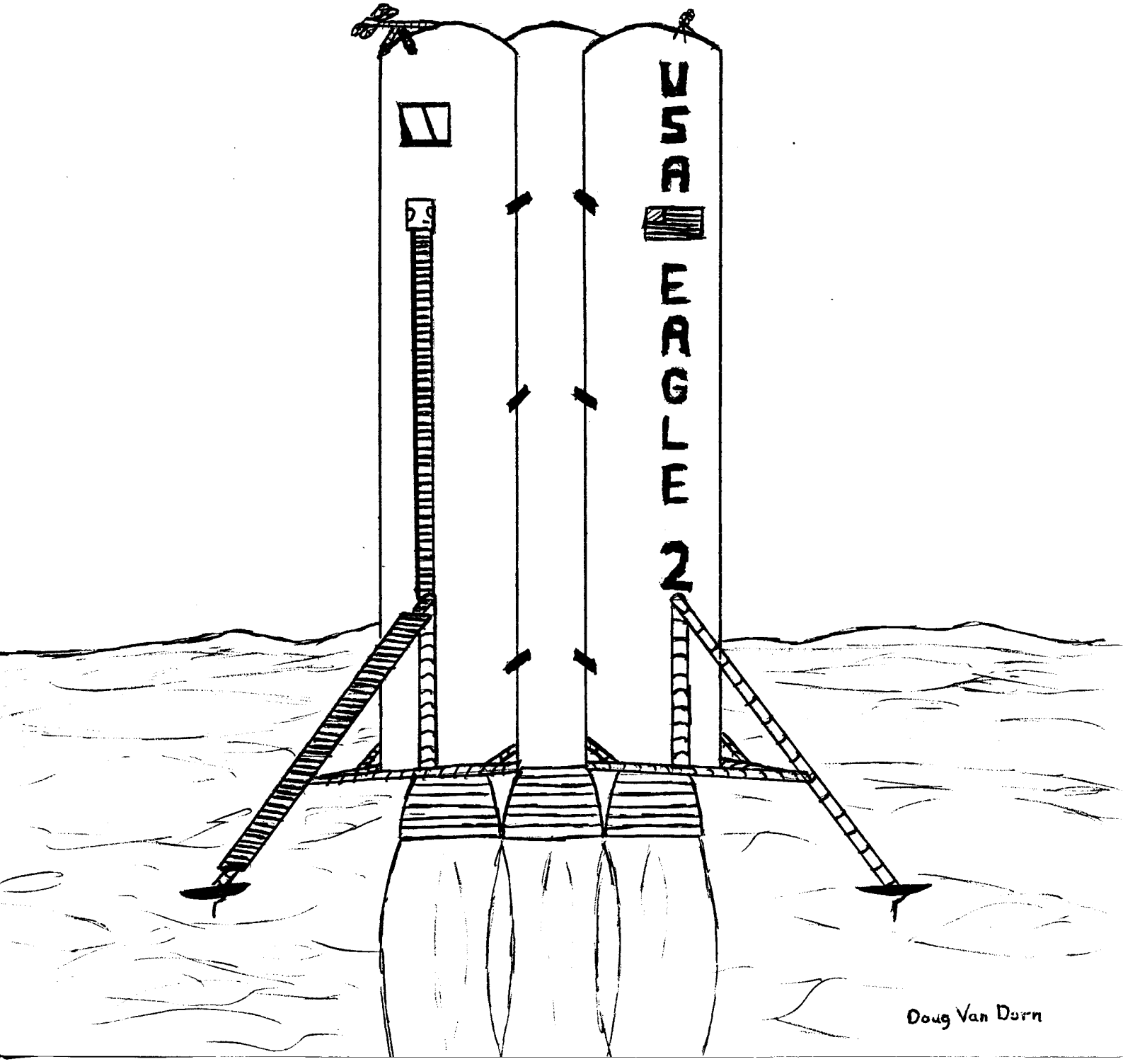
ROLF

APA-TECH 11



APA-TECH 01011B (#11) February 1981 The 555 Times #11

The Amateur Press Association for and by
members of General Technics

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ADDITIONS TO APA-TECH #10

The Quintessential Singularity #8 & 9/ Greg Ruffa	24
Shadow Apa (see its ToC)/ various members	39
Total Page Count for A-T #10	115

The Next Deadline is Wednesday, April 1

** NOTICE: Greg Ruffa is editor for A-T #13. Send all contributions to him **

The Copy Count is 35 (or else!) Minac is 2 pages every other mlg.

YOUR ACCOUNT BEFORE POSTAGE IS $ 10.53

Those who have been dropped: Mary Lynn Skirvin

Those who are being held in stasis and had best postmail: Mike Bentley, Steve Johnson

Those who owe pages (or will be dropped next ish): Renee (2), Keith (2), Marty (2), Bill H. (2), Bill-El (2), Richard (2), Dick (2), Doug (1), Gretchen (2), Guy (2), Rolf (2)

New on the Queue: Martha Soukup, Jon Singer

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A SHORT MEMO FROM THE CHAIR

Hope you are all doing well and survived the changing administration and the change into the new decade. With five days times 35 people at IsherCon we barely did. Everything, however, is back to normal (is that what you call this?) and the raygun business is once again supplying the underground with arms.

Tug At Your Concience Dept: Don't let Reagan strip the last bit of meat off NASA's bone of a budget. Write him. It's easy. While you're at it, don't forget Amtrack. Reagan's budget cuts of the train subsidy may double the price of a train ticket and will certainly eliminate some of the less profitable lines (consider that only the Detroit to Chicago and the Washington to New York lines make a profit.) With the price of gasoline destined to reach $2.50 by the end of the year and airline tickets already having doubled it would be nice to still have an affordable means of travel. If you don't write Reagan and your Congress-people you won't have one.

The unofficial deadline is 10 days from the official deadline. Period.

I'm still interested in having guest editors for A-T. Write and tell me which issue and what kind of repro you have.

As mentioned on page one, Greg Ruffa is the guest editor of A-T #13. Send all contributions to him. He has repro -Xerox- available at $.03 a copy but he doesn't want you to abuse it. So don't pull a Greg Ruffa on him.

Yes, send me the covers, but, if possible, don't put numbers on them. Many people want to supply covers for the next few issues and I'm afraid of getting a half dozen #13's or #14's. If you can, please send me the numbers on a separate sheet of paper. If you want to take a chance then send it to me with number but I won't guarantee anything. (You might want to call me and find out.)

APA-TECH #11 is brought to you by Alex's private Corporate Alpha-Micro computer system. For you hardware types this microcomputer consists of a IEEE S100 buss compatable 16 bit CPU with hardware floating point package, 384K bytes of Error correcting memory, a Z80 based SDM controller, connected to a CDC 90 meg cartridge disk drive, 14 interrupt driven I/O ports, 11 timeshared users, and two spooled printers, not to mention the pair tree. This entire system can be yours complete with operating system, language compilers, and system utilites for a low low $42,000.00. Send before midnight so you don't forget.

Happy Valentine's Day, St. Patricks Day and Easter. Take care of yourselves.

Paying the Campaign Bills #4

A perfectly good zine title that's been laying around since Nov. 4th

From the guilty typewriter of Bill Roper, 918 Main #1 Evanston IL 60202 (312) 328-9473
341-52-2891
R160-9245-6147

This zine is late. Late, late, late. I hate finals.

(I am not a number! I am a free fan! (Evidence above notwithstanding.))

If I seem more than normally incoherent, maybe it's just the hour. Right now, it's just past midnight, inauguration day is over, and the hostages are in Germany. Baba Wawa has assembled three putative reporters to take potshots at Nancy Reagan's dress, Ronnie is looking silly in a tuxedo (but everyone looks silly in a tuxedo!), Rich Little has polished his Reagan impression to a fine glow ("I've come up with a solution to the energy crisis. We're going to build a pipeline to the sun. Now I know that some of you say that this is impossible; that we'll burn up before we're halfway there. But we've solved that problem. We're going at night."), Carter is going to Wiesbaden as Reagan's special envoy to greet the hostages, and the Republicans control the Senate.

We have thrown the rascals out, and now God's chillun get their turn at bat. Why am I so nervous?

(Because for the next 2 to 4 years, any time anything goes wrong, I'm going to have to listen to "I told you so", that's why...)

I was going to start writing this on Nov. 4th, before the election could be decided. Carter lost a little too fast for me to do that. Then I wrote two and a fraction pages later that week, and decided I hated them. (Gretchen confirms--they were godawful.) So no zine last time. In fact, no zine in the amazing postmailing (which was almost the amazing premailing). And I can't find AT9 anywhere--this is gonna play hob with the mailing comments on that issue--all I've got are the three zines that Renee (sorry, not Renee, someone else collated my copy of that ish) kind of "lost" out of my copy. *sigh*

What's more, this is supposed to be the "big spaceship issue" except I can't find AT9 to remind me what the big spaceship issue was supposed to be all about. (The first person who says "big spaceships" will be asked to leave the room.)

So lets talk about spaceships. (After all, I'm not doing anything better.) Did you know that Reagan supports an orbiting ABM laser system? Yes, I know, I know, we're polluting space with weapons and carrying national rivalries into space and all that good stuff--but why do you think we got into space in the first place? Answer: first, for military reasons (ICBMs and spy satellites anyone?); second, because of international rivalries ("We will land a man on the Moon." or words to that effect.) Anyone remember the space race? Somehow we got an awful lot done up there while we were racing...

Anyway (I meant to type anyway instead of anyone last time, but I am running out of Liquid Paper and didn't want to X out the word, so I decided to construct a more-or-less coherent thought starting with the wrong word), since I really hate having no defense against various nasty nuclear weapons, I have to admit that I support this project. And for those of you who think MAD is sane, well, look at it this way--the orbiting laser project is going to require an awful lot of space exploitation in its building and maintenance. With that much money going into space research, maybe we'll finally get things to the point where industry is ready to take a flyer, so to speak.

(Why do I have the feeling that the only person who will understand some of this will be Valli? I dunno...)

Speaking of spaceships, all of my pictures (held up by adhesive tape) are falling off my walls now that the humidity is trying to head for asymptotic zero (despite my new Christmas humidifier--digression: one female student at KGSM was bemoaning the utilitarian nature of the gifts which she received for Christmas. Socks, sweaters, that sort of thing. And in the very last package under the tree, she found 200 copies of her resume that she had brought home to have typeset and printed, all beautifully giftwrapped. She found this incredibly depressing. I can't say that I blame her.) Anybody know of any ways of holding these pictures up without either putting holes through the matting or using various irrevocable stickums that will immediately cause my security deposit to disappear upon application to the plaster walls in this place?

Franking time! (What, in mid-page?) Here's a little something that Gretchen punched out on my typer during Sunday Night Supper Club....

ROPER'S 'ZINE
or
(Chocolate Brownies With Oysters)

Mr. Roper was being very uncooperative so we decided to take matters into our own hands and do a 'zine for him. The talk at dinner turned to Unicorns so that explains the chocolate and oysters. "Gee, Bill, this typer is weird."

Question--what do you call a dish that is made up of browned ground beef, tomatoe sauce, barbeque sauce (optional), chili powder, other stuff (optional), and served on buns or bread?

Roper had three and a bit pages but they were too long-winded and political so he didn't submit them. This is a quick substitute. Do any of you out there know anything about Roper from when he was down at Carbondale? Do any of you have any good ways to get any information out of Roper himself?

(And that's the way it was, Sunday, January 18th, 1981. That's what I get for serving dinner in the same room as my typewriter sits in...)

Maybe it's about time to stop rambling along and get on with the amazing

MAILINGCOMMENTSYESTHAT'SRIGHTMAILINGCOMMENTSYESIKNOWICAN'TFINDAT9BUTCONFUSION ISTHISWEEKENDANDIINTENDTOHANDCARRYTHISZINETORENEE(IFSHESHOWSUP)ANDDOYOUKNOWHOW DIFFICULTITISTOTYPEWITHOUTLEAVINGSPACESBETWEENTHEWORDS?

(Probably about as hard as it is to read...)

So lets start off with the MCs on AT11...

GRETCHEN: I don't know why my typewriter did that. Were you beating the poor beastie?

Those were walnuts in the brownies, not oysters. I call the stuff with chili powder sloppy joes, and the stuff with barbeque sauce barbeque.

No one out there knows anything about me when I was in Carbondale. This is because I did not exist when I was in Carbondale. You could ask Marcy, but she did not exist in Carbondale either. In fact, I am not sure that Carbondale exists, except that I seem to have acquired this diploma somewhere...

As a former PLATO systems programmer (not bad for a guy who only took one computer course, and that while he didn't exist), I suppose that I am used to the standard PLATO sysprog bribe of homemade chocolate chip cookies. Actually, I only saw said bribe delivered once (in the middle of a system staff meeting), but it was well received then. There are only two problems with this. First, I am back on my diet again, and should really not be eating chocolate chip cookies. Second, since I did not exist when I was in Carbondale, I would be hard pressed to explain what I wasn't doing there.

Sorry about the viral pneumonia. My cooking has never had that effect on anyone before. (Seriously, good to hear that you are better--I suspect the germ/virus was passed around at dinner, since I came down with something that tried--and failed, mercifully--to get into my lungs about the same time that you did. Maybe the vitamin C I took at onset helped. Maybe not.)

(I just reread the above paragraph and I notice that I have stated that Gretchen tried to get into my lungs. So much for paying attention to your antecedents...)

Hmm--howzabout trying AT10 and the amazing postmailing?

GUY: I used to live considerably further than 110 miles away from the nearest McDonald's, but that was on Guam. If I was there now, I couldn't say that any more--civilization has arrived. (Sorry, Rolf.)

Thanks for reprinting the superconductor article. Now if only the so-called science writer who wrote the thing knew the difference between titanium boride and titanium bromide. (For anyone who might be in doubt, it's got to be the boride.)

LASERGRAM: Did you get to see PLATO at Chambanacon? If so, what did you think of it? If not, why not? (Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope along with your check for $1000000 and send to Control Data Corporation, Minneapolis MN. All contest entries become the property of SeedySee.)

Are you actually bringing Doris to Capricon?

ROLF: If psi powers are Gil Hamilton, and magic is Virginia Matuchek, where does Alaric Morgan lie?

Um, Rolf, I notice you mention that you can fit n queens on an nxn chessboard. My fast mental examination indicates that this is certainly not true for n less than 4. When does it start being true? Below 8? The cubic problem is certainly interesting...

MARTY: RAEBNC

VALLI: Congratulations on surviving another move. Same to you, Dick, while I'm at it...

KEITH: God, it all comes back to me now. I remember math induction--they taught it in my college algebra.

Digression: (what, again?!) Did you know that of this bright young reputedly intelligent group of MBA students at KGSM, the only ones who know any math are the ones who came in with mathematical/technical degrees? And this after they took QM-D33 in the fall (linear algebra and probability) and presumably passed the course.

I'm not kidding. I've got three classes on Monday and Thursday--economics, finance, and statistics. Thus far, in economics we are five for five in getting algebra lectures instead of econ lectures. ("This is a graph of variable costs versus output. The line shows the relationship between the two variables. The slope of the line--" "Sir, what's a slope?") Finance is doing better--he's now up to two finance lectures out of the first five (the last two). Statistics, of course, has been one incredibly long and boring algebra lecture, but that's more a factor of the course and the instructor (the guy who is teaching this course was the booby prize. The only people in my section are the ones who couldn't get space in any section with a different teacher.)

This is grim. It's not as if these folks were being asked to solve differential equations--I doubt some of them can read the graphs in Time magazine. And these are the future leaders of American business. Excuse me for a minute while I go invest in some nice Japanese firms....

JON: You write real good mailing comments. Why don't you hang around and write your own zine instead of popping in only to save Gordon's neck?

I suppose the dot matrix printer is ok, but I kind of prefer daisy wheels...

RENEE: Agreed that Baba Wawa lost credibility with her mega-contract, but Dan Rather has had a few problems too since he signed his giant contract. Remember the references to Gunga Dan in Afghanistan? I don't think that you can claim that it is all sex-linked.

DICK: RAEBNC other than the one above with Valli's...

BILL H: Sorry that you don't find the magnet work very attractive. (It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it!) I gauss you'll just have to grin and bear it...

I'd love to see the listing for your Adventure game if you ever get it out of the computer. (I started writing a plug-in-replaceable version on PLATO once--essentially a blank frame that you could build a world in...)

Dark Star has done amazingly well as a ChUSFA movie. Maybe it appeals to a wider audience than you suspect.

Re: Big Bang/black hole--what I was wondering was if quantum mechanical leakage from a universe-sized black hole could cause the black hole to become unstable and explode in a "Big Bang".

GRETCHEN: More! More! More! Give me more original text and I will write an incredibly provocative MC...(well, I'll try, anyway...)

DOUG: I think the APA is whirling silently in space, not spinning. However, it made an interesting bit of conversation at Sunday Night Supper Club. (Can I abbreviate this as SNSC? Will anyone understand?)

Go Voyager! Yay Shuttle! Rah, rah, space exploration! Now if we can just get Congress to increase NASA's appropriation. (Galileo is listed as one of the optional projects that can be cut in Carter's soon to be revised budget...)

Maybe I am a bit pessimistic about our prospects for fighting a conventional war, but pessimists are disappointed less often than optimists. I agree that the socialist economies are less efficient than capitalist economies, but the capitalist countries have shown an interesting and possibly suicidal tendency to try to prop up the socialist/communist countries. Disregarding technological exports for a moment, just look at the amount of food that the communist countries import...

I don't know if NATO would arm Polish workers in case of a Soviet invasion. If Carter were still in office, I would be sure that we wouldn't, but Reagan might. Boy, would the Soviets be mad...

Congratulations on your diet. I will try to follow you at some distance and maybe catch up someday. But I like to eat so much...

VALLI: You may be overreacting to Reagan's election. Then again, maybe you're not. One thing's for sure--we'll find out. (I hope that your fears prove unfounded...)

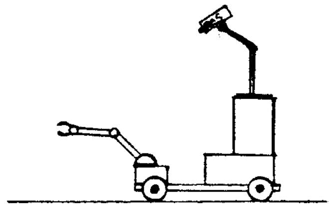
BILL L: (Look, Ma, no "-E"!) You might try checking in the papers for Reagan's sources of jelly beans. If I recall, he seems to be rather picky about his sources. Me, I can't stand the things. Guess I'll never get a job in this Administration...

Cable TV is actually likely to result in increasing segmentation of target groups of viewers, if present trends are to be believed (several of the networks are working on "better" programming than the Laverne and Shirley drek coming over the airwaves for distribution via cable). If Paper Chase had been a cable TV series, it might never have been canceled. *sigh*

Um--it's 2:30 AM. I think I'm going to hit the hay. (Yes, I know it's an odd page, and I have not commented Rod or Greg's postmailings. They were, however, RAE. (How does Greg afford a 24 page zine?))

Abyssinia...

TRANSPORTER TOPICS



by
R. E. Smith
922 Belvoir Dr.
Frankfort, Ky. 40601
KA4PUC

Once more venturing forth into the perils of APA-dom.

Unfortunately, I seem to have misplaced my copy of the Shadow APA, somehow, somewhere. Still, there are still AT 10 and WS 8&9, so there will be plenty of MC's. Hmmm.... The upper half of some capitols aren't printing. May have to get my hammer.

Dave: Listen, untill I was 13 people thought I was going to be a jockey. I still resemble Weird Harrold, being only 145-150 lbs. Just because a person happens to be six feet tall does not mean he has it made, size-wise.

Rolf: a tire iron is a simple little tool, a piece of ¼-inch steel, with a crook in the middle, used to mount tires on rims. The tool you were refering to is a lug wrench, and if it was the kind normally used as origional equipment then I can understand your problem. I long ago switched to a cruciform wrench, which applies pure torque with no side forces, gives much better control, and is far less likely to slip, causing bashed knuckles and a "Hulk-out."

Greg: Strange, I place <u>A Gift From Earth</u> at least on a par with <u>Ringworld</u>. Maybe that's because I identify with both Mat Keller and Jay Hood. Also, there is a lot of background work involved, in many fields, from sociology to planetology. By the way, your lessons have been helpful. I have some vauge idea of collecting the proper equations and assembling them into a program called "Build-a-World", to be used by SF writers in creating planets and star systems. One of the equations you supplied can be used to find out the angle subtended by a body of certain size at a certain distance. Your black hole cartoon remindes me of something I sketched a few years back called a Suck Rock, a complex organic crystal that replicated itself by drawing in everything organic in the area, absorbing what it needs, then exploding to spread the fragments, which start the process anew.

That's about all the mailing comments, except for a remark someone, I believe it was Gretchen,,made about how I don't type with a southern accent. Does that mean that I speak with an accent? I thought that tv and radio had purged me of hill billy overtones years ago, although I can still slip.

$$

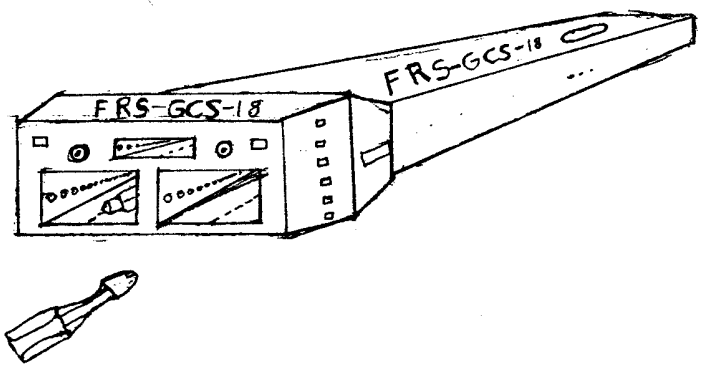
(Hmmmm---- must be the ribbon. May have some oil on it.)

Lots happening in my personal life recently. Started my own small business in addition to my full-time job. You may hear about it in these pages, since then I can take the repro costs off my income taxes next year.

I will be at Marcon (please, no cheers), and may even have the Wess-and Smithson Ejector Rifle Mark III ready. Friday the 13th, eh? What better reason to leave work and head for a con?

Enclosed herin is part 2 of Juggernaught, which should emphasise characterization a bit more. The "punch out",,a sort of ground-borne fly off, takes place in the midwest, on a government reservation where the terrain varies a great deal in a small area. The exact location is classified (he means not yet selected).

Jerry climbed slowly out of the simulator, then leaned on it for a long moment.



"Rough session," remarked a technician. He offered Jerry his pack of cigaretts, then took one himself when the other refused. "Six hours in that can, all by yourself."

Jerry's reply was interrupted by the approach of the training supervisor, Mack Templeton.

"Ferris, your crewmate just arrived on the base. Bailey is bringing her over for you to give her the grand tour."

"I better get moving,then," said Jerry, stepping towards the showers. "I need to get cleaned up."

"But there isn't time!" protested Mack.

"Stall for me! I'll just be ten minutes!"

Fortunately, Bailey was a rather formal man in his social areas of behavior, and took his time, introducing his charge to various member of the team they happened to meet on the way and remarking on various pieces of equipment. By the time they arrived, Jerry was showered, dressed and feeling almost human again.

"Jerry, this is Pamela Marshall." as usual, Bailey made a casual event sound like ceremony from a royal presentation. "Pamela, this is Jerry Ferris, our prime pilot. I believe that you two should get along fairly well together."

"They better," muttered Mack. "They're going to be working in very close quarters for extended periods."

Pamela was attractive, although not what you would call a great beauty. Of average height with brown hair and a medium build. It was hard to believe that she was also one of the top experts of games theory and its practical applications in the country.

"well, Pam, I guess Bailey wants me to give you the grand tour. Where do you want to start?"

"With the vehicle, please," she replied. Her voice changed her whole image, giving her a cool, calculating impression. It made her seem much more professional.

The main shop was large enough to make the Juggernaught seem small, at first. Even three days ago it would have been obscurred by gantries and test equipment. Now, only one turret remained unmounted, and the monstrous tank sat on the floor, seemingly crouched against some threat. As they approached, Pamela began to appreciate just how large it actually was.

"Are you shure the floor is strong enough?" she asked, obviously impressed by the feeling of massiveness the vehicle presented.

"The tread loading is quite a bit lower than you would get from a commercial bulldozer," said Jerry. "That thing will cross snow like a snowcat, and mud like a swamp buggy. It can swim at up to twenty knots."

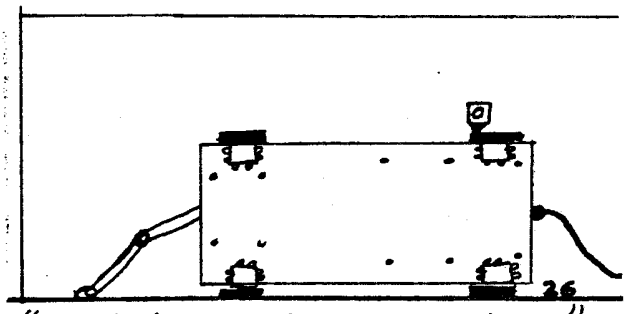
They walked around it for a moment, just looking. Then Pamela began asking questions.

"Why the four small turrets? Shurley none of them is large enough to house a big gun."

"Those will house Gatling-type guns, to be used mainley for anti-missle and anti-personnell purposes. There will also be anti-missle launchers for long range interception. For anti-armor use there will be racks of missles on the sides, and depleted-uranium bulletts for the guns to take care of light armor. There is no big gun."

"And what are those devices on the sides, that look like pipes?"

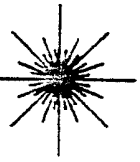
Jerry grinned. "Those are something new."



"Eh-heh . . . forgot to unplug."

Didn't mean to break it here. Just ran out of room.

LASERGRAM



NUMBER FOUR

A Zine by David D. Levine
6515 Wydown Blvd., Box 3480
Clayton, MO 63105
Phone (314) 863-0943

This is the great-big-double-issue, end-of-the-year, catch-up-on-lost-time Lasergram. You may have noticed I've fallen an APA behind. All I can say is: Ce n'est pas ma faute (French), No soy falta de mio (Spanish), Ist nicht daran Schuld (German), Mea culpa non est (Latin), Ur beg shunt ut blert (Mock Swedish), It's not my fault! (English). I'm not quite sure whose fault it is, but the situation is that Lasergram Three arrived at the Kazoo UPS office at the same time as another package for Isher. A note was sent to pick up the package(s??) and only one was picked up. After a while it was returned to me, considerably after the deadline. I elected to send it in with the last issue rather than postmailing due to considerations of money, time, and convenience. The fault lies with either someone at Isher or UPS, possibly a little of both. UPS, I may add, was something less than helpful in this problem. I will continue to send my zines via UPS, though, using the usual "three strikes" principle (i. e. if they make two more blunders of this magnitude they're off my list for good). In any case, here's what I've been doing since last ish:

** THE HYATT REGENCY FOLLIES **

Most important thing I did near the beginning of the period in question was, of course, Windycon. Gad, it was enough to reaffirm my faith in fandom! It was my first fanac in far too long and the first day or so was spent saying hello with all the people I hadn't realized I missed so much. This was rather confusing (or something) to the people who had come with me, this being the first con for two of them (the fourth of us had his own room and left us early on after arrival: I'll tell you more about him in a bit). Dave (my roommate) and Kurt (a friend of both of us) didn't seem to be able to "get into the con scene", if you'll pardon a sixties-ism, and I was too busy renewing old friendships to help ease them into things for a while. I entered the costume contest in my formal Sternpersonn garb (to no avail, but it was fun to really dress up for a change), got my laser (the silver

one) back in working but scarred condition (some people say it gives it character, but I still want to repair it as soon as possible), and finally got to see a whole adventure of Dr. Who. In fact, I saw all four Doctors in one night, with an episode of Blake's Seven thrown in for good measure. I hung around with a whole bunch of nifty GT people, of course, and managed to break (at least for one con) my curse of always asking people if they want to go out to eat immediatley after they return. (Side note: I'm getting as bad with the parenthetical remarks (like this one (see what I mean?) here) as Valli is with the ellipses! Must be something about con reports that fogs one's grammatical senses...) We went to some marvelous Japanese restaurant where I splurged and got lobster Tempura along with some of the best Sukiyaki I've had in quite a while. Afterwards, I discovered I was on the cover of some ChUSFA zine because I was Gerald Corrigan. I've never been on a cover of anything before, so I'm pleased, but how did I get to be a Gerald Corrigan? What's the difference between Jerry Corrigan and a Gerald Corrigan? Why do ChUSFA people all have the same names? Why are restaurant reservations always made in the name of Corrigan (actually, I think I have heard the reason for that once already)? (Table for...HOW many???) Maybe it's all Bentley's fault? A bit later (or perhaps earlier...my time sense is always screwed up when I try to remember the events of cons) I was summoned up with my laser to participate in the who-knows-how-manyth annual GT Dry Ice Capades! Bill Higgins managed to find an all-night dry ice place (where else but in Chicago would one find such a thing?) and we spent an hour or so skulking about, trying to avoid the prying eyes of security guards and plainclothes security guards and suspected plainclothes security guards and might that be a security guard in that plant there, and eventually dumping several pounds of dry ice into the fountain in the main lobby and standing around afterwards shining lasers through the fog and singing "Benson Arizona" to the adoring crowds.

And the Hoth Ice Planet McDonald's, and the Lego exhibit expedition, and the Anderson headquarters, and thinking about dropping some color filters (say, Ick Green) into the lights on the Wrigley Building, or perhaps slides, come Worldcon time, and the wonderful things capes can do in the winds of the Windy City, and "The hands are familiar but I can't place the cape", and narrowly missing The Wizard of Speed & Time not once, but twice, and doing the same on The Bed-Sitting Room, but not minding because there was so much else to do...you know, that was really quite a con!

But all good things must come to an end, and this one came to a worse end than most as Your Only Friend and Humble Narrator waited three hours and then some for the valet to bring out his car, a privilege (??!?) for which he'd paid more than if he'd simply parked it on the street and collected two parking tickets. I sure hope this sort of mess does not recur at Worldcon, or even next year at Windycon. I know it wasn't the con committee's fault, or even the hotel's (for, alas, the valet service (service, indeed!) is handled by an outside company and we can't do

anything about it, sir...), but it shouldn't happen at a hotel of this bignitude. Period. Also, on the way home, I found out what the people in the back seat had been complaining about while I'd been driving: Vega back seats are not comfortable, and I apologize in advance to any of you who may have the misfortune to spend some time in mine. But it's a bit better than a Pinto, and much better than a VW Beetle, and it's cheap transportation.

Oh, another thing of importance happened near the end of the con. I got talking with Cap'n Al on a usual end-of-con subject, What Cons I'm Planning To Attend, and when I mentioned that I just <u>might</u> be going to ConClave little blue lights came on in his eyes and he said "Say, Decatur is between St. Louis and Toledo, isn't it?". Before I knew it I had a rider to ConClave, and then Mike Bentley (it wasn't his fault this time) and Alice Insley came up to me and said they'd heard I was going to Toledo and might I stop off in Chambana on the way? Thus plans were made for one of my most interesting con drives ever...

** THROUGH FIVE STATES (SORT OF) IN A VEGA, BEEP BEEP **

I really couldn't afford this con, at least not in terms of time. The money was there only due to a windfall accounting error in my paycheck, but I'm still recovering from the workload displacement. However, I'm really glad I went.

The trip began uneventfully with a simple three-hour jaunt to Decatur. There I picked up Erin McKee and her qat Real (pronounced Ray-Al). I was concerned about traveling with a qat, but this one traveled better than any I've ever met, sitting in varoius laps with nary a complaint after the first hour or so. Truly a cool cat, especially considering the size of the car. The only problem was white hairs on the brown upholstery. After a quick lunch and some other stuff (gosh, where did those two hours go?) we were off to Shampoo-Banana and a rendezvous with Mike and Alice, with short hellos to Mary and assorted qats, not to mention Jeff (Duntemann, that is, via Realtime Electronic APA) and we were quickly (funny, that didn't seem like an hour) off on a debatable route which we eventually decided would carry us through Indianapolis, depite its being about 50 miles out of our way. Suggestions of minor routes through rural Indiana were scared off by horror stories.

Somewhere on the road through Indiana, one of the idiot lights on the dashboard lit up, the headlights began to dim, the windshield wipers slowed...time to get off and seek professional aid before amateur aid would be required! Dialogue: "Can I help you?" "Yes, fill it up and would you look under the hood? One of my idiot lights just came on." (sound of hood opening) "You're missing a belt." Son of a gun, I was missing my alternator belt! A few more miles and my battery would have died, leaving us stranded. Bits of the belt were found in various places under the hood, indicating it had simply died of old age. Alice's plastic money paid for the repair and we were off again...

Some hours of (not uninteresting) driving later, we pull into Toledo, Michigan (that's why it's only "sort of" five

states) at...oh, my! 1 AM local time! I realize that we will have only one day at the con and begin wailing feverishly about "what on Earth have I driven this far for?" Inside the hotel we find Cap'n Al, worried sick about us (or at least one of us) and Barry Higgins (or was that Bill Gehm?) and Tullio and Mary Lynn and Chris and Cecille and Rolf and a pair of Joans, all of whom went to bed not long after. So we retired to our room, where we spent the next three or so hours telling a string of anecdotes, puns, and thimgs in the dark, with the usual repeated threats of violence upon the persons of those who told the most abominable thereof.

The next morning was the Barry Shouldn't Have Shown, huckstering, art show, and What, No Movies? Mike, Alice, and I went to a nearby shopping mall (with some very interesting little shops in a sort of shopping-area-cum-amusement-park called Old Town) in search of leather, finding none. On the way back we stopped at a K-Mart which had caught our interest on the way out, so Alice could buy a sinfully-plush bathrobe she had seen and I could indulge in my usual decadent hobby of looking through schlock toy departments. Would you believe a gizmo that plays Xmas carols while flashing the lights of the tree in time with each note? In any case, on the way out we saw a large box of chocolates on sale for a tempting low price. Said we to ourselves, "with that much chocolate we could make a lot of people very happy...", so we picked it up, only to notice an even larger box near the checkout for not much more... eventually, I left the store with three pounds of chocolate barely restrained in my arms. It was worth it to see the look on Chocolate Freak Susan (Neil Rest's fiancee, I believe)'s face. Later this box became the core of AcneCon II (AcneCon I was the Chunkies Mary Lynn brought to the GT party at Windycon), at which I attempted to explain GT to Joan Vinge (lovely person, but I've never read any of her books) and we all watched the new, improved Saturday Night Live. 75% trash, 20% really good stuff, I'd say. After which there was human pyramid building in the hall (anyone can make a six-man pyramid with three on the <u>bottom</u>...) followed in short order by the invention of the Battering Al and You'll Believe a Techie Can Fly. Not to mention dinner at the Red Lobster (reservations in the name of Corrigan, you see...Corriganuc?!?) where we all were waldos without a controller for a time, until we realized how silly we looked, and lasing a Strawberry Daquiri (try it sometime), and lobster (why do I always wind up getting lobster at cons? Is it some sort of obsession after having missed Noreascon??), and a nifty little thing Tullio had in his pocket and the strange things that washed up on the beaches of our placemats and Barry's infamous fishtank joke and Alice's actually finishing a meal, and the odd sounds a laser makes in nearby AM radios, and a running laser battle through the halls with Barry. The people at the con, being mostly East-Midwest fen while GT is mainly Central-Midwest, kept asking me about my laser. Egoboo to the max, as us college types are suppose to say.

Eventually it was time to go home. Somehow it seemed much longer. I finally dragged back too late to do that Monday's ar-

chitecture assignment and I've been behind ever since.

** A FIVE DAY NEW YEAR'S EVE **

He thought he was just going to a New Year's party, but he was really entering the Kalamazone (doo de doo doo, doo de doo doo...). What a weekend! Much better than some cons I've been to. Films, fen, velour, guitars, lasers, food, video, and SCROUNGE! I've had more luck with scrounge this week than ever before. Here's a list of the stuff I've picked up free in the last ten days (12/27/80 - 1/6/81): 100 quarter-inch two-conductor headphone jacks, three 32-position five-bit binary rotary switches, three little identification medallions with the words "Apollo inertial reference integrating gyro" (all of the preceding were sold at Ishercon), a dead laser tube, three 6-volt Gel Cells, assorted lights and switches, a garage-door opener receiver and five transmitters that work with it (not to mention two that don't), a Sonalert, some books, and an IBM Selectric. WHAT?

Yes, Bill, I scrounged an IBM selectric. There was a lab at UWM here that was being cleaned out after many years and one of the things in it was this Selectric. It has a few problems, though. It has no case, it is in serious need of cleaning, many keys stick badly, and it accepts only a non-standard typeball (used mostly in teletype applications) which is the same physically as the standard ones but has all the letters in the wrong places. It seems to have been interfaced with a computer at some time, since it has a homebrew circuit board attached to it by a cable and has all the switches and relays in it that it needs to be a terminal. It will stay here until Spring Break at least, when I can get a look at it. My father may be able to do something with it in the meantime. Note that this was produced on a different Selectric. This one's in no shape to produce output this clean even if it was interfaced with a computer, which it isn't.

Elsewhere on the scrounge front, I have some information on those black boxes the size of dollar bills, about three-quarters of an inch thick, that were being passed out at Isher. When the switch is allowed to rise by pulling the last bill in a stack out of the clip, it broadcasts a signal about half a second long at the frequency stamped on the end, and won't transmit again until it's rested about half a minute. Range is at least 40 feet indoors. The receiver I have works on 24 VAC, although I Haven't found the rectifier which would tell me what polarity DC it would take, if any.

Anyway, since most of you were at Ishercon, I won't bother with a full con report, just assorted incidents. Freaking out Marty Franz by being Dave Levine, when he thought I was a Bill of some sort and the other Dave Levine was me. The sounds of a house with 40 people in it waking up in the morning. The sounds of 40 people screaming one by one as they found there was no hot water. Starting the hypercube jokes. The "Name Jeff Duntemann's Facial Hair Contest". Is Neutronium Hard? Why does a chicken

cross a Moebius strip and what happens if it does? West Texas Kamikaze Death Chili and the feeding frenzy when the turkey was declared open. The wonderful things you can do with a $3000 lathe. Being able to tell obscure jokes with the full assurance that they'll be understood by someone. The Helium Filksing and pyrotechnics and PyroTnuctips, and finding coats and starting cars and 300 feet of Mylar up in the air and several dozen yards of velour all around (sending out subtle telepathic messages of "Touch me, touch me!") and the unusual Xmas cards on the mantlepiece and a film program better than that of most cons. Boxes and boxes of scrounge and the Plastics Lady and wonderful people all around. With two Dave Levines I suffered an identitiy crisis and before the week was out I was Jerry Corrigan and Jeff Sukiya and probably Mike Bentley as well, but such are the problems of having a common name (right, Bill?). Computer graphics to freak one out and hand puppets and food and dishes and Popeye imitations and Ghod knows what else. I'm still not quite recovered.

Well, I have to abandon ths here if I want to get on with this thing. I'll only be at home for another week and I don't have a text processor in St. Louis, although I may be able to get Xerox for a cent-and-a-half a side there. Will keep you posted on that. Anyway, here are...

** FUTURE PLANS **

Well, ConFusion is definitely out due to distance. CapriCon is definite, though, as I have to pick up someone in Illinois somewhere. After that, who knows? Minicon is up in the air. I've not missed one since I was in fandom and I always enjoy them but it's a little far to travel and we don't get Easter in our Spring Break. Strange. I will be extremely obvious here and state in all caps that MY BIRTHDAY IS SATURDAY OF CAPRICON because I've been told by Alice that having a birthday during a con can be hard because there are too many other things going on and people forget. Even more in the future, I will probably be in Milwaukee for this summer, and next year I'll be living with between 12 and 16 people who are compararively fannish types although not fannish per se. But now it's time to catch up on two issues of stuff, so here are

** MAILING COMMENTS ON APA-TECH #9 **

COVER: Very nice. Is that a rock or a pie?

555 TIMES: I have a cover for APA-TECH #12. It would have been for #11, but Doug beat me to it so I'll make a minor change. It should be well-received. If I can think of anything about spaceships it'll be after the MC's.

SPACECOM, NY: Very intersting proposal, but what is it doing here? Are you warning us so we can get in on the ground floor, just keeping us abreast of current developments, or what? If this does come through, what will be the hobbyist applications? What do you think your chances are of getting through to Bell with this idea?

TRANSPORTER TOPICS: I'm sure somebody else has told you about "Benson, Arizona" by now. It is traditionally sung after inhaling helium.

The debate about whether airborne stuff (pollution or, in this case, water vapor) cools or heats the planetary surface is still open even among experts. Who are we to attempt to answer this question?

I imagine the question of whether to colonize a planet or the space around it first depends on how hospitable the planet is, how much the colonists brought with them in the way of resources, and how desperately tired they are of living in tanks (or, in a multigenerational ship, how afraid they are of living under the open sky).

I wasn't at Noreascon, but a vidofan in St. Louis has almost everything Jittlov has done on videotape (lacking only the Dr. Strange test reel), including a black-and-white tape of Mouse Mania with Jittlov's narration and a complete set of bloopers. I want MORE! Once I wanted to be a Hollywood SPFX person, but I abandoned that dream for economic reasons. Jittlov reawakens that dream in me.

LOST IN THE DARKNESS: Best of luck at Isher. I thought about working there for a summer, but even if I could talk them into taking me (I don't have the sort of contacts, as it were, there that you do) it would mean no cash income, and thus no savings. I have to pay for grad school somehow. The thought of all the cons I could eat and a whole basement full of machine tools, though...*Sigh*.

I could probably get ditto free, but I prefer legibility. It's usually pretty readable, but sometimes it isn't, and I got awful sick of ditto when I was in high school. Bleah.

WRITE MORE. WRITE MORE. WRITE MORE.

HORRID QUOTIDIAN AGUE: Who says we don't have room for a few more? HI THERE to you too (oops, you probably aren't reading this). Should I continue to comment to someone who isn't here? Why not, it may stir comments from others.

As stated previously, I have a cynical attitude toward love, although I have mellowed considerably in the last few months. What cynicsm remains is preobably the result of (excuse the mundane term) my rotten luck with the opposite sex, at least mundanely. I know that this is the sort of thing that comes to a sudden end when the right person is encountered (that's happened to me more than once in the past) but it can be depressing while it lasts. Some people have committed suicide for this reason (one is here in the daily paper on the table in front of me). It can lead to a feeling of worthlessness. But it's not that bad yet. I leave this depressing topic for a while.

All the above is re yr CT Donna.

Re smallpox, one of the cases recently reported turned out to be an extremely rare instance of human monkeypox. Oh, if people continue to show off expanded typefaces and such I'll just have to do something extreme, like moving color graphics in my zine. I hate to be topped.

WHAT DID THE TOOKIE BIRD SAY?: Him say "Tookie, Tookie!", of course. Are you implying that there may not be a Chicago Worldcon in '82, or any Worldcon after that, when you refer to Noreascon as the "penultimate" Worldcon?

Will I be able to make Denver? Probably not, as it's too far, too expensive, and too close to the beginning of school (classes start Monday before Labor Day). But it would be a real crime to miss Chicon, with it being my senior year, and so close. We will see about Denver, though.

Why is a greenhouse effect necessary for life on Titan? (this question is, of course, moot after the results that came in since your zine was written) Couldn't there be life at normal Titan temperatures? I refer you to Greg Ruffa's ideas on "Where to look for 'us'", since all our ideas about life are based on data from one stinking planet.

Re yr CT QS7, I still haven't gotten that. Renee? Anyway, that was definitely not a galaxy at the end of TESB. The Millenium Falcon vanished into it when it was still close enough to be visible. Ergo it was a protosun. The only error I spotted in 2001 was that the decks in the space station (as seen in the shot from the inside of the airlock looking out at the Pan Am shuttle) are at right angles to what they should be.

Bubble memory hard to come by? Are hen's teeth scarce? Is the Bear Catholic? Does a Pope...well, never mind.

The TESB digital suite is available through Starlog for an unreasonable price.

What do you mean, Niven's Warlock series doesn't deal with magic???? Who's lumping together magic and technology here? I don't argue with the important differences between ESP and magic, especially in this context (since, for classification purposes, the difference is in what the author chooses to call the power(s) of the characters and nothing more). How, then, would you answer the questions "Is there magic in this story?" and "Is there ESP in this story?" for a Warlock story?

Another point about Rolf's system is the amazing things you could do in trivia contests if it were portable and concealable...

The Puppeteers could create a scrith-repelling drive without knowing how to make scrith in the same way magnetism was heavily used before it was understood (as if it is today). Does this make sense?

Re yr CT Keith, part of The Blues Brothers was filmed in Milwaukee. The scene where they are on the edge of a freeway which just sort of ends in a tangle of reinforcing rods was filmed about three miles (6 km) from my house. This is the infamous Lake Freeway which was one of the first freeways to be stopped by environmentalists. It would have destroyed our lakefront (far more natural than Chicago's) and was halted in mid-construction.

Don't talk to me about Disney. I am very disappointed in them. Better moving mattes can be done by Dykstra and Co. Ideally, Nessus would be stop-motion animated all the way through the film, but that could get expensive since he's a main char-

acter. Making Speaker look like a Kzin and not a man in a Kzin suit (even if we got Rick Baker, who did the ape in the new King Kong) would be difficult. If I had my druthers, I'de stop-motion him too.

My personal idea for Ringworld is to do a trailer reel. This would be one of those behind-the-scenes, five-minute sort of things they do to build up interest in a production just before release. GT could do it, with the emphasis on behind-the-scenes shots making it possible to get away with less than big-budget effects. Example: a shot of some techie setting up a model shot is acceptable even if the model is not professional enough to stand on its own. Ditto, a Kzin costume which wouldn't look close to real on the screen would bring gasps from the audience if you saw some seven-foot actor wearing the body and holding the head in his hands. The whole thing would be done to drum up interest and money. I have also come up with the idea of a Niven anthology TV series. But you know nobody but PBS would do it, and they've not got the budget for it. TV is such a waste these days. However, I hear that TV was recently deregulated in Italy to such an extent that anybody who can afford a transmitter can set up a station. There are now over 500 stations in Rome. Interesting.

REAL TIME OPERATOR: Re communication with non-technical types, I may be working this summer doing just that: writing documentiation. More on that later.

In your medical display screen, surely you must have two red circles at the center showing pulse and respiration, with the other data displayed as triangular pointers riding vertical scales...you've just GOT to!

Whatever became of KWIP?

Re Tarot and such, if you look at horoscopes you'll see that they apply to everyone equally well, and Tarot cards are almost as open to interpretation. I refuse to either confirm or deny the possiblity of psi powers, for although I lean toward the opinion that there's no such thing I have seen hard experimental evidence that telepathy, at least, does exist (the Puthoff & Targ experiments which I may have mentioned earlier). Tarot may be a method to bypass the concious mind and get to the subconcious psi centers. On the other hand, it may be a load of hogwash. (notice how he avoids making anyone angry by not commiting himself).

Re yr CT me, the characters in The Flying Sorcerors who have not yet been identified by anyone as far as I know are Shoogar, Lant, Pilg, and many of the other villagers. It's generally agreed that these are names without other significance.

TELEPHONE BILLS: I know about how much phones are required in this day and age. At the end of last school year my phone was disconnected just a few hours earlier than it should have been, roughly doubling the time it took me to get back home (all sorts of last-minute arrangements for travel, packing, etc. took a quantum leap in difficulty without a phone).

I am now on a non-Bell long distance phone system called Sprint, which enables me to make calls from and to major cities

for about 50% of Bell's rates at any time. Unfortunately Chambana, Kalamazoo, and Rochester are not yet on the circuit. The service fee for me is zero since my parents are paying it, but even for them it's low because they're splitting it with three friends. It's fun, cheap, and the sound quality is a bit better than Bell's.

Re evaporating black holes, have you heard that Hawking's latest calculations show that even a black hole of several solar masses evaporates in under a second? Does anybody else know about this? This would shoot down all the black hole stories of the last few years, if true.

Thundarr the Barbarian is a real loser. It shows none of the Marvel influence that was its main selling point. It's not even worth watching. I've not yet caught the new Space Ghost.

IT ONLY HERTZ WHEN I OSCILLATE: Good to see you at Isher. Now I know who I just missed in California. Re yr ct me, Moopsball sounds intriguing. Now can you publish the rules?

On the subject of license plates, I can't decide between TECHIE and DARTH (on my Vega, that is). I will probably keep the regular plate I have due to inertia.

INCORRECT THOUGHTS: Marty, you are one of the most bizarre people I have ever met. I feel proud that I was able to freak you out.

Re yr new think-box, I had not really considered getting a micro of my own (having had access to many a large system when I needed computer power) until I picked up that typer (at this point about three days ago) and realized that it could be the heart of a fine word-processing system. WP is fine, but if you can't do letter-quality output it doesn't really interface with the mundane world well. However, I really have grown to like the rubout key, which is probably about 70% of what a WP system does for you. Being able to plunk paragraphs around at will and all those other nifty things are nice, but it's the ability to overcome my lousy typing (I wish I owned stock in Corflu Corp.) that's the most important. At this moment I couldn't possibly afford the sort of system I want, so I'll save it until graduation (or later).

At least Mussolini made the films run on time...

TEN O'CLOCK SQUALOR: Re yr ct me, I could sort of follow the math, but I'm afraid by the end I was totally lost. Basically, it doesn't answer the question. Interesting Cyrillic border.

Steam techies? Are there any?

You cut yourself off at four pages. This is Line 459, which should be somewhere on Page 9 (a problem with WP), and I still have an APA-and-a-half and three postmailings to comment on. So I'll cut down my comments from here on. I may even use the dreaded cop-out "RAEBNC" if time grows pressing (I have been working on this off and on since Thanksgiving, and the last week I have worked on it for at least an hour a day. I like to really read what I'm commenting on.)

MEROMORPHIC MALLOMAR: RAEBNC. (there, I did it already!)

DR. GONZO'S ETHEREAL ECLECTICA: Why do you use that funny symbol for GT? the plain old initials have always been good enough for me. Do you draw horizontal lines through the letters IBM? Do you switch to a different typeface for AT&T or ITT or use script for GE? End blathering.

** INSERT ** I just heard Twiki's new voice on a preview of the new Buck Rogers. It's even worse than the old one!

You are, I trust, aware of the Ohio Conspiracy to Take Over Space, aren't you?

I'd like to join Windyapa. Real soon now, youbet, yashure, youbetcha. Suuuuuuure, I will. Yup. Well, I'd like to.

DR. GONZO'S EPICYCLIC ECLECTICA: My copy of this is more disjointed than usual. Multiplication of some pages. Is this why Renee thought you didn't have enough, or was that another collation?

SMITH'S CORONA: The problem with your experiment to test zero-gee sex is that the Getaway Special is barely large enough for two people (if you squash them in a bit) but there is no room for the masses of oxygen and food you'd have to consume. Remember, the Getaway Specials must be independent of the Shuttle aside from one ON and one OFF signal in the course of the flight. That means no hook-ins with the Shuttle lifesystem. Pity. But the concept of an outer-space Big Bunny...

I just heard about the SelecTV decoder, I' still haven't found one that I could get my hands on and duplicate. The key is that they send a spurious retrace near the middle of each line, so you use a simple 555 thing to turn off the retrace until the end of the line. The difficult part is the sound, which (as I understand it) is broadcast in stereo FM. The usual ch. 1 + ch. 2 carries the message "If you send us $50 a month you could see this", while ch. 1 - ch. 2 carries the actual picture sound. This is the chip that's hard to get. That's the theory, now all I have to do is get the schematic. You'll be among the first to know.

If you will permit a small grammatical tirade, there is no such word as "ALOT"!!! "Allot" means assign, as in "I allot three hours to finish this project." "A lot" means a large quantity. The use of "alot" is the print equivalent of saying "y'know". Not that I want to get "on your case", but ths is something that annoys me....er, quite a bit.

Re yr comments on lasers: Mary Lynn is now the semi-offical GT Laser Laws Expert. With a few slight modifications my silver laser pistol is now quite legal. As soon as I can get its output power measured I'll know for sure whether it's Class II or Class III, but it's almost definitely Class II and thus acceptable at Minicon. Of course, it's also the least impressive beam in GT (The case is nice, tho, and it's legal). It has a keyswitch, remote power shutoff (a switch on th power pack), safety interlock that keeps it from running when the case is open, even a trigger guard. The black one has none of these but I'm working on a new case for it which will incorporate the latest safety features, including "Caution Laser" milled into the sides (I think I can do that). It's still Class IIIa, though, and there's not much I can

do about that.

Enough of my lasers, though. the jury is still out on lasers in general and their safety. The BRH (Bureau of Radiological Health) is being paranoid about it until there's more information, and we've got to be paranoid right back. We must be more careful about mirrors, crystals, and people's eyes. Diffusers are a must (only Mark Hyde's has one). Wattages must be kept down, although this is difficult since the cheapest tubes are in the 2 mw range (Class III). The 1 mw beams permitted in Class II just aren't impressive compared with most GT lasers, and most (if not all) techies long to impress more than anything else.

And I said I was going to keep my MC's short...

Re fanzines...this one is a little touchy with me. I always make positive comments on fanzines because I know how much bleeding work they are to put out, but compared with prozines (at about the same cost!) they are...well, amateurish. The limited-subject zines such as Pyro-Technics, Purple & Orange, and all the Trek zines, are fine if you're into that limited subject, while the general zines publish fiction which is (to be blunt) not good enough to be published anywhere else, and generally suffer from an editorial policy based on not enough submissions: We'll Print Anything! Thus, although I support and contribute to fanzines, I won't buy them and I generally don't enjoy the ones I'm given. I can tell I'm laying myself open with this one, so I'll say that this is subject to change if I see some good ones, and I'm in a rather vituperous mood right now for some reason.

** POSTMAILING COMMENTS **

THE BLANK MU-BETAN: More info on Telenet! If nobody else is interested, or if you don't want to spread the info around, write or call me personally. Right now I'm sitting at a terminal which could probably tie into it if I knew the passwords. I don't have such a terminal in St. Louis, but I'd like to have the info for Summer.

Here at home, we have a second phone number so we won't tie up the family phone with the computer like we used to. This number is used about 10 hours a day as a data line. If Bell's looking for unauthorized data users, they'll find us quick. Will keep you posted.

THE OTHER MU-BETAN: How do you get "mychina" out of "mychine II"? Have you at last succeeded in making a portable computer? I know you showed up with a van full of hardware at Isher. Tell me about it! We want information, information...

I don't get headaches from textbooks, they merely put me to sleep. History texts are the worst. Demanding stuff like math just makes me want to put it away so it'll stop annoying me.

So you don't like Apples. That's fine, I have no opinions either way. But since I assume you don't like the Trash-80 (nobody does), what would you reccomend for a good cheap hobbyist machine with plenty of opportuntiy for expansion?

Re Trash-80's, have you noticed that ALL of Radio Shaft's computers are called the TRS-80? I thought the idea behind model

numbers was to differentiate between different machines manufactured by the same company. Typical RS bullshit, trying to confuse the issue. The only thing they have going for them is that they're just down the street. No matter where you are, there's a Radio Shaft down the street. It's the McDonald's of electronics.

Nice illos. Hi Alice!

I may be able to get you Zork in one form or another. Will know when I get back to St. Louis and talk to my roommate, who I believe has a copy. Will send you more info when I send back the Hitchhiker's Guide tapes (nudge nudge).

Wait a minute, Mu-Betan spelled backwards is nateb-um, which is not the same as regnad kcin by any means. Nateb-um is the password to the Great Gates of Or in the Shadow Kingdom of Ulb. Regnad Kcin is Nick Danger spelled backwards, and did you know that Larry Niven pronounces the "z" in Kzin very soft, so it comes out "Kcin". Did you care?

YAAITSS: I refuse to believe that there is such a thing as the Space Colony Apartments. Not even in Texas.

I know the density of that first zine was too high, but I was trying to save repro costs. Now I have cent-and-a-half repro (I hope) and less time to do paste-ups, so most of my stuff will be running full-size.

Sorry, differing keyboard layouts is insufficient excuse for poor typing (except on punctuation, since that's far from standard). You'll just have to fess up to incompetence like the rest of us.

Living in the flatlands is bad for your health? As a lifelong flatlander (NOT in the Larry Niven sense of the word) I would like a more complete explanation, and a descriptiion of the symptoms. I have a feeling I could really enjoy driving out West, as many of my friends do, but I've never had the chance. Yet.

I like Hogan. Thrice Upon a Time is very good indeed. I hated Inherit the Stars, but have liked each one more than the previous one. He's not yet great, but he is good.

** MAILING COMMENTS ON APA-TECH #10 **

Half done, hurrah! This is Line 603, incidentally.

555 TIMES: What's wrong with Dick Smith's proposal for the official deadline? Everybody I read liked it. I like it. I voted for it. All the votes I saw were on favor of it. It makes sense. It's close to what we have currently. Why don't we have another round of voting on it so those too apathetic to vote the first time can be goaded into voicing an opinion? Are pre-printed tear-out yes-or-no ballots a good idea?

I have a cover for APA-TECH #12. That one's mine!

LIFE IN THE NORTHERN WASTES: Does that include Milwaukee? Welcome, welcome. Interesting frontspiece. Write more, but don't get so technical. We're not all computer jocks here. The room-temperature superconductor thing is most intriguing, but we'll see. Write more.

LASERGRAM: Why this is an issue behind is explained at the beginning of this zine (remember that? I know it's been a while). All I can say is, it's been a busy few months...

PAGE 8: Odd, I always thought of you as a Chambana type. That's the thing about fandom, people aren't from anywhere in particular. You see them at cons, so they're from Convention-land, but where they make their abode is immaterial. Some people I know quite well in fandom were stunned to learn that I had moved from MKE to STL. Nearly as intriguing as timeslips in APAs.

Do you mean the age of the average GTer or the average age of GTers? I understood your story-search system and think it's a grand idea (despite the fact that a comment earlier in this zine implies that I didn't understand it). I think (as stated earlier) that the difference between psi and magic for this purpose is what the author calls it. I can't think of an example at the moment, but I'm sure there exist stories where the characters call something which meets any reasonable defintion of psi "magic". This would have to answer "yes" to both questions, or at least to the magic question. This debate could get even more interesting.

Be it noted that I lost this Niven trivia contest by one (1) point, and got not a plugged nickel for it. If I had read The Patchwork Girl before taking the quiz instead of on the drive home, I would have won by knowing Gilbert Gilgamesh Hamilton. *Sigh*.

INCORRECT THOUGHTS: No wonder I've never seen you before. You're from way out Californ-eye-aye way! Or are you? The first time I saw you I thought you were Alex and you thought I was a Bill of some sort (of course, at that time I was undergoing an identity crisis and thought I was a Jerry, a Jeff, and a Mike, so why not a Bill?)

Even worse than dull aliens was underuse of the good ones. The good aliens, the ones they spent the real money on, were the ones way in the background in the all-too-brief San Fransisco shot. The bald kid on the Bridge wasn't bad either, and also badly underused. Did you notice that while the stars all had grab-me seats so they wouldn't get injured while they were bouncing around, the bit players on the bridge (like the bald kid) got to stand up and cling to their consoles for dear life? It's details like this that can make or break a movie.

DR. GONZO'S INTERIM ERRATICA: RAEBNC. Too short.

ROLL WITH THE KEYPUNCHES: I thought tic marks were those little red spots that...never mind.

Interesting question, whether the word "femmefan" (alternately spelled "fanne") implies that "fan" is masculine. I can't offhand think of a good masculine form of "femmefan".

Re your anti-fantasy bias, hear hear! I think this (along with New Wave SF) was one of the reasons GT was founded. I read some fantasy, if it comes well-recomended, but too much of it is unstructured, lah-de-dah, and occasionally pointless. But good fantasy can be very good. I'm not as anti-fantasy as some, but many of my friends are far more pro-fantasy than I. By the way,

New Wave means something else these days. They've stolen one of our treasured buzzwords! (after all, where would fandom, and especially techies, be without buzzwords to confuse the mundanes?)

Bravo for your comments on fanzines, SCA, mediafans, and APAs.

Re yr ct Mike, it's not high-riseness that caused that disaster, although the fact that it was a high-rise sprung from the same roots as whatever caused the fiasco, which was probably that the building didn't feel like the sort of place the low-income occupants were comfortable in: too middle-class. But don't get me started on the question of what we should do about poor people. The gut-level answers I get couldn't work and would belie my basically liberal nature, and the rational answers I should come up with haven't worked for others. Sigh. I have gotten myself in big trouble talking about this subject, although I'm surprised (and rather disappointed) by how many people agree with me.

HOHWA N CTYTHNK (best approximation I can get without a Cyrillic typeball): What does this mean?

How did you know at that stage that your overstrikes weren't working and yet not be able to correct it? This system (Vax Editor with RUNOFF) can't handle overstrikes at all, I think.

Interesting comments on psi. I may quote you on this.

Didn't you know that Murphy IS God?

IS STARDANCE ANAEROBIC DANCING: Waiting for missing pages at this point.

Well, that's it for now (1/9/81). I may add some non-word processed stuff later, but for now I remain:

David D. Levine

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RUN

Hi! I've meant to join this apa for a very long time, but somehow I've never gotten around to it. There is a very good reason for this.

EXECUTE CHPXCUSE

Ummm... Well, I was out of the habit of doing an apa. I'd been in SAPS, the second-oldest apa, for one whole issue, before I got bored and dropped it. After that, I felt a little guilty about apas. When ApaTech started, I got the impression that one would be compelled to be techish in the thing, and as G_T's most stumblebum member, I found that worrisome. Not that I'm an idiot, of course, she said; I understand much of what lots of people say, and I know a leetle computer, but I have no area of expertise.

So I know already, that really doesn't make any difference. Still, I had a whole lot of inertia standing still.

Then WindyApa started up, I joined it on a whim, and somehow four pages of copy an issue just doesn't satisfy me anymore. So here I am! Can I come in and play?

REMARK-TITLE: The title of this thing is a pun. Can you find it?
Two or three people know that my dad runs Soukup Hardware in Wheaton, Illinois. (And no, it is not a chain! The ones in Elmhurst and Glen Ellyn and Downers Grove, etc., were started by relatives. You cannot return a clock you buy in Elmhurst to our store in Wheaton. So there.) If you didn't know, now you do.

I thought that it would stop once I left Wheaton, but to this day, I still get, occasionally, ''Soukup, huh? Any connection to the hardware store?''

The pun would be much better, of course, if I were a professional programmer. Alas, while I was still selling microprocessors at itty bitty machines in Lombard, I decided that was not for me. Computers are for playing with. Computers are not for doing some other person's garbage work that is not important to you with. Some day I will own a text editor (this Selectric I just bought for $150 is a start towards that), but for now, nothing.

Still, any writing is software of a sort, eh? So this apazine is Soukup Software. I won't bore you any more with it.

STATUS UPDATE

What am I doing, since I graduated a year early last June (ha-ha) and I'm

not a programmer? I am an editor! This, friends, is a hard field to break into-I spent half a year unemployed. It was that or give up and be a receptionist.

Cahners Publications, where I work part time as a Research Editor for two restaurant chain newsletters, and the other part time doing general help for a hotel trade slick, is no bed of roses, but I've gone into this at length elsewhere and it tends to get tedious. I'm mostly ~~grateful~~ grateful (grate full of coal) for the foot in the door. You'll see, this will be the first step in my journey to the editorship of Analog!

EXECUTE CONREPRT

I really meant to come to the G$_T$ party Saturday night at Confusion, I really, really did! But I thought I'd just stop by Elan Litt's nickel-dime-quarter poker game, just to watch for a while (I didn't feel like playing for stakes that high), and I ended up winning $29.70. So I went down to watch the Glicksohn/Haldemann/Longyear table stakes game--just to watch--and I ended up winning another $106. Although--and because--they kept trying to bluff me out. Just lucky, folks, just lucky!

I've forgiven Confusion, and I'll go back again in future. Three years ago, I had a terrible time, altho I knew even at the time it wasn't the con's fault. This year, it was terribly slow until Saturday night. Then I went out to dinner with Cap'n Al, Mary Lynn, Todd and some other Houghtonites. We drove in a search pattern until we located a sit-down pizza place (Little Caeser's), and it turned out to be quite good, although not like real pizza, of course. The waitress was fascinated by us.

I went back to the con, put on a slinky black outfit, tried out the computer game room, tried out the dance floor, and got lucky (at cards!). I actually did go to bed for three hours, two, although it was hard to leave at 7:00 am when Joe Haldemann was at his raunchiest, amusing the crowd. Bed was nice too tho, and I really needed my sleep.

Drove home in Jim Fuerstenberg's new Alpha Romeo, a really nice little car.

OUT OF DATA IN LINE 345 That's the only con since my last conreport. I look to be going to attend two in February (Boskone and Capricon), at least one in March (Marcon--what is it doing in March, for ghod's sake?), and two in April (Inconsistant and Minicon).

EXECUTE GIGO

Other than that, I'm working Capricon still, rehearsing for the Moebius show, and working for the Chicon Publications Committee. Yes, I'm working for Chicon. And I like it too. I've applied for a couple of management jobs, as well, and I imagine they'll take me for one of them.

Don't worry--the jobs I've applied for, I would be my own boss. I learned my lesson from other cons--don't take the responsibility unless you get the authority to go with it. And never be in a position where you have to depend too much on someone else. I think I'll get by all right.

Well, two pages isn't enough, but without mailing comments, I can't fill four. Sigh. By the way, if you've tried to make any sense out of the pretend computer statements, don't bother! Because I don't know what I'm

ERROR IN LINE 610

STOP

END

YOUNG AND ABROAD

in the Solar System

Once again the word goes out from the House of Isher "Thou shalt write an apazine and it better be good." Once more I must nonetheless squander paper on whatever is available in the cluttered mind of the resident of 202 Cole St. #103, Webster, TX 77598

I am afraid this is going to be a short one with a bit of filler from JSC publications. Blame it on the government. For some time now, the powers that be have been threatening to move my section out of Building 17 on site at the Space Center to one of Lockheed's own buildings off-site. There are good reasons for it (other sections need more room, mainly), but there are at least as many against it and as far as I can see, moving us will cost them a heap since they will now have to set up a computer room with a line from the mux on site, its own mux, line printer and passel of terminals all of which have to be leased out of company funds rather than just using govt issue on site. But the people who need more room on site are getting a bunch of new bottom of the rung image analyst and statistician types that apparently have to be watched like a hawk so they don't trip over their shoelaces or somesuch so I move and you get a skimpy Young and Abroad.

By the way, last zines title was essentially the same as always, just in Russian, wherein I could say it less ambiguously. To translate it literally, I would have to change my title to something like "a young man and a traveller in the solar system.

Aha, we already have a 2-volume APA. Looks like Dick Smith is right. Somebody better put her foot down about this deadline business (and I thought the saying went that if it were left to scientists to get things done nothing would ever be built, but I thought we were outnumbered by engineers in this APA).

More on colony technology, then I quit thish. If it is true that a quest for adventure, new frontiers, that sort of things drives human society to some extent as well as the quest for material advance, then it would seem that a society (or a universe with physics) capable of no more than slowboat generation ship technology would develop a dual parallel culture like so. As a planet fills to capacity, the only adventure left is to join a colony ship, a new one, that is. These head out into the void with their vast resources gleaned from the debris of the parent system and the best in self-sustainment technology. In time, possibly even before their first planet is encountered, this miniature world gets to be quite a cushy place. Especially, since it is a lot easier to equitably distribute resources among a limited population and to maintain a fairly uniform culture in a city sized group than on an entire planet. Thus, by the time planetary encounter arrives, whatever mavericks the society of the ship has produced will be all too happy to head for the "New Frontier" of a virgin planetary surface. Unless they have really made a nuisance of themselves, the rest of the population of the ship isn't just going to throw them out with minimal technology, but would stay around, probably for as much as a generation to see that their new planetary colony has the best they can fabricate out in space with all that easy energy and ship to the surface to make sure they are a roaring success. Then it's off into the void for most of the stay at home type population. Meanwhile on the planet there is plenty of room to spread and work to do. As I said last time, just converting the biology to one humans can make use of would be a task beyond anything we've done so far. Eventually, the new planet would become old, industrialized, and more importantly, bureaucratic and start building its own ships. It is a remarkable thing to see such a grand scheme to things but not know how to get your own petty bureaucracy to see the value of starting on that road.

Voyager 1 teams report mission discoveries

The following is part one of a summary of the major scientific discoveries, observations and theories generated by the recent encounter of Voyager One with Saturn:

The Planet

- The basic appearance of Saturn's atmosphere is similar to that of Jupiter; with alternating dark and light cloud markings. The features in the Saturnian atmosphere, however, are muted by the presence of a much thicker haze layer above the visible clouds. The belt/zone structure on Saturn also extends to much higher latitudes than on Jupiter.
- Wind speeds in the atmosphere are not closely tied to the belt/zone boundaries as was apparently the case for Jupiter. The greatest wind speeds (more than 1,600 kilometers or 1,000 miles per hour) occur at the equator and are four to five times stronger than Jupiter wind speeds.
- Temperatures near the cloud tops range from 86 degrees Kelvin (-305 degrees Fahrenheit) to 92 K (-294 F), with the coolest temperatures noted near the center of the equatorial zone.
- Auroral emissions were seen near the poles of Saturn; auroral-type emissions in the ultraviolet were also noted near the illuminated limbs of the planet.
- The dark face of Saturn receives a substantial amount of light from the rings, especially in that hemisphere above the illuminated face of the rings.
- Lightning bolts have not been observed in the images of Saturn's dark face, but radio emissions typical of lightning discharges have been noted. These discharges are believed to emanate from Saturn's rings rather than from its atmosphere.
- Radio emissions, primarily from the north polar region and near 90 degrees longitude, indicate that the body of Saturn and its magnetosphere rotate with a period of 10 hours 39 minutes 26 seconds.

The Rings

- The classically known A, B, and C rings were observed by Voyager One to consist of hundred of ringlets, a few of which are elliptical in shape.
- The F ring, first discovered by Pioneer 11, is composed of three separate ringlets which appear to the intertwined. The inner and outer limits of the F ring seem to be controlled by two shepherding satellites, S-13 on the outside and S-14 on the inside. The outer edge of ring A is similarly shepherded by S-15. All three of these satellites were discovered by Voyager One.
- The existence of a D ring inside the C ring was confirmed by observations during Voyager One's passage through the shadow of Saturn. The tenuous E ring, previously observed only from Earth during periods when Saturn's rings could be viewed edge-on, was also observed during shadow passage.
- Measurements show that the D, E, and F rings have a large population of particles less than 1/10,000 of an inch in diameter. Radio measurements of the C ring yield an effective particle size of about one meter (3 feet), but also suggest a wide distribution of particle sizes.
- The existence of a thin ring just inside the co-orbital moons S-10 and S-11 was first inferred from the passage of its shadow across one of the moons, and later detected directly in the Voyager image of the E ring mentioned above.
- The spokes in the B ring are dark in approach pictures and bright in forward-scattered light in post-closest approach pictures, and may be a result of electrostatic forces lifting fine particles above the face of the optically thick B ring. These spokes appear to corotate with Saturn's magnetic field.

The New Moons

- Each of the recently discovered moons of Saturn was photographed, but only S-10 and S-11 had large enough angular diameters in the images to determine their shapes. Both are irregular in shape with their long axes pointed toward the center of Saturn. S-11, the trailing satellite of this co-orbital pair is about 135 km (80 mi.) long by 70 km (40 mi.) wide. S-10 is somewhat larger with an average diameter of about 200 km (120 mi.). Both bodies are apparently composed of water ice, and both orbit the planet at a distance of 91,000 km (57,000 mi.) above the cloud tops of Saturn.
- Little is known about S-12 through S-15 other than their orbits. S-12 (sometimes referred to as Dione B) orbits at the same distance from Saturn as Dione, slowly oscillating about a point 60 degrees ahead of Dione. As mentioned earlier, S-13, S-14, and S-15 were discovered by Voyager One and orbit just outside the F ring, just inside the F ring, and just outside the A ring, respectively.
- Other satellites may be discovered as Voyager One scientists examine the voluminous data returned from the encounter, or from photos to be returned in the summer of 1981 by Voyager Two.

Next issue: the moons and magnetosphere

These are from the Space News Roundup to which all rights revert.

NASA accepts Mars fund

The Viking Fund, a private organization under the auspices of the American Astronautical Society which has been collecting donations to give to NASA, presented the agency with a check at ceremonies held Wednesday, Jan. 7 at the National Air and Space Museum.

Stan Kent, a former NASA consultant, kicked off the campaign in Omni Magazine a year ago to raise money so NASA could continue its exploration of Mars.

Dr. Robert A. Frosch, NASA Administrator, accepted the check for $60,000. Other participants included Dr. Noel Hinners, National Air and Space Museum Director; and Dr. Edwin Speaker, Executive Vice President of the American Astronautical Society.

To me the Viking Fund precident is still awe inspiring!

being typed valiantly by the person who is struggling with all her apa-ac, so don't mind if this is scattered, as usual, by Valli Hoski, of 1116 Hull Terrace, Evanston IL 60202, and the new ringer-dinger of (312) 864-3504.

I've Been Faithful, Really!!
Truly, to You, Only You and You...

Lately apa deadlines have been greeted with less than cordiality by me. Pressures from unknown sources for my time and energy have drained away the enthusiasm I used to have for this frivolous and dear diversion of writing zines. I find myself procrastinating until the very latest moment before trying to churn out something for someone somewhere in the world of apadom. But there are causes which lie steadfast deep in the heart of me, and ApaTech is one. I will not abandon thee, dear apa, my very first apa, even though they may bury me with a typer clasped tightly 'tween my hands. So folks, you still have me, for better or worse, etc. etc.

Read in the above a strong hint at becoming over-extended in apa-ac. I mean, 7 really got to be too much, just too much, so I am dropping out of at least 3 apas, but haven't decided which the ~~lucky~~ few are yet.

Is TeeVee all null and void?

~~Oh Jeff if only you could read this now!~~ Hm, lately I have noticed a peculiar thing running rampant among some techies--a definite prejudice against that technological wonder-the TV. No, not scorn at its basic electronics, as that would deprive many a techie of their sacred I/O component for their computer system. No, it is the content of the medium that has come under attack, pure scorn and unadulterated rejection. Apparently all that is spewed forth from that villainous device known as television programming is trash. No redeeming ~~social~~ s.f. value, the stuff is not fit to feed your compost pile. And I find myself asking why? Why to a variety of questions, not just why does everyone think the stuff is trash?

Why this elitist attitude, this holy righteousness that comes into someone's eye when they gasp "Television?!! That's trash! That's evil! That's, that's unwatchable crud!" Why is an interest in the media such an anethema? Is television really the damnation of civilization? Is it really the pollutant of all minds, assaultant of all intellects? Is it really deserving of all this scorn?

In the same breath I hear the technological wonders and utopian creation of the computer touted. There seems to be no end to the marvelous delights that can be found using the computer. Solutions to ever problem that beseiged a techie's heart are probably capable of solution if we could just find the right code/language/interface/chip (no obscenity meant, none at all) could be found! This fascination with things mechanical/electrical/goshwowtechnological is what makes techies techies, true. But the all embracing love and all damning hate that I have seen, bewilders me. Albeit some software available today is crud, and so is some network television. But what of Cosmos

which was elemental in a lot of respects, but still brought space interest and awe back into the public eye? I think that Cosmos has done more to re-awaken the public interest and awareness of the space program that all the well-intentioned letters of G_T to the various space support groups. I am not degrading the individual effort, but when you aim something at the masses, it has got to awe, and awe on a big scale. Maybe Cosmos wasn't the end-all technically or scientifically, but it worked, worked better than some other attempts could have. Imagine Buck Rogers giving a tour of the universe with commentary by Lorne Greene! But back to the basic issue here-television Is it really all void of any saving grace or programming? Or is it just that we have not had any space shots to watch in years, and that has turned us all against the medium?

Is our rejection of television just a deep-seated desire to reject our "Star Trek" origins and alienate ourselves from a plebian entertainment?

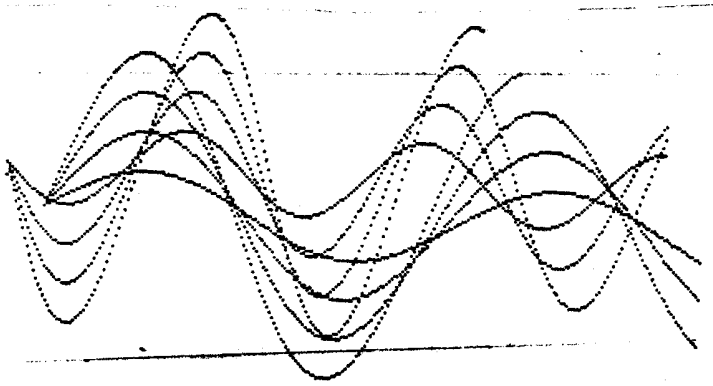
(to be cont'd)

//

Well folks, as I have already told you the stories of Christmas and Ishercon in the post-mailing, and Confusion is about to occur this weekend, no con reports are in order.

Again, it was delightful to see those of you who were at Ishercon, and the hugs and warmth helped keep the cold out. Things weren't perfect, basic human flaws and rejection are always around, but the gathering of long-gone friends and long-needed hugs is always good for the soul. Of course, as one is want to say in fandom, I wish we all weren't so far away, but Chicago is not Minneapolis, and perhaps better so. I await the signs of spring and the first G_T beserker of the season.

Aside from that, I will bow out early this ish, having said my words, I now sidle off to the side of the page trying to gracfully exit and disappear.....



westech

westech #4, for APA-Tech #11

Jamie Hanrahan, 4406 Menlo Ave. #8, San Diego, CA 92115; 714-284-4938

LET'S TRY THIS ONE MORE TIME...

Yes, I know -- it's been three issues since I was last here. The southwest-most member of this APA, namely me, is going to make one more conceited... er, concerted... attempt to produce zines on a semi-regular, semi-punctual basis. I'm not going to give any excuses (or even reasons) for being so inactive, other than that I've been procrastinating.

But I need the contact with you people. Bear with me while I give it another shot. Please?

In keeping with sound doctrine against beating dead horses, MC's on issues 8 and 9 will be held to a minimum.

MAILING COMMENTS

...on APA-Tech #8:

555 Times: Re the grace period (I see by Marty's comments in ish 10 that this is still to be decided), I'm changing my vote to the following: There shouldn't be any. (How's that for a single, consistent proposal?) Those of us who put things off will continue to do so, no matter which minute is "really" the last one; and those of you who have no problems getting your zines in on time don't need the grace period, so what's the point? Delayed mail? So mail a week early. Or something. All I know for sure is that the grace period hasn't helped me get anything in on time.

Lasergram: Do you, or does anyone, have a schematic for a constructable-at-home, 12VDC-input laser power supply? I'd be willing to wind my own toroidal transformer.

Gordon: Your bargains are pretty impressive. However, I recently was given a Gestetner 460 mimeograph for free... nyah! § I'm now JEH@MC, but since the nearest TIP is in LA, I won't be on much.

Higgins: Re yr ct me: I find no records of anyone named Tom Krabacher in San Diego. A friend of mine, one Kay Shapero, claims to know who has title to California license plate Z9M9Z; I'll ask her about it at Aquacon. (The Westercon parking lot last year was full of fannish plates, but that one wasn't among them.) § Re the red/green bipolar LED's, I've heard that a fairly good subjective blue can be produced with a yellow and a green LED, adjacent and alternating. As with all subjective color phenomena, though, it doesn't work on some people. I've gotten very little subjective blue out of the Lens, despite various attempts.

Doug: Re yr ct Gretchen re me... oh, forget it, I'll be talking about this later.

Gretchen: Your style of writing, as described in your second graf, is exactly what is recommended in "The Technical Writer's Survival Kit", a delightful little booklet published by HP. (It doesn't seem to have an HP id number, or I'd cite it here, but it was written by Ilene Birkwood.) When using this technique, of course, it helps to have either a good word processor or a large area for cut-and-paste handy, but don't let Doug kid you about it. § Best of luck with Eridani Needleworks. Have you read Don Lancaster's book on one-person businesses?

...on APA-Tech #9:

Doug: Re yr ct me: Again -- later. § Re yr ct Bill L., I love the idea of a "Tales of Known Space" TV series. § Re ramblings (trekkie-dom, etc.), join the club. I gather from inference that having started out as a Trekfan isn't looked down upon quite so much on the West coast as elsewhere, but I still get paranoid over admitting that the San Diego sf club started out as (and is still named as) a chapter of S.T.A.R.

Telephone Bill's: Congrats on the apartment. § Re yr ct me, I don't believe it for a second, but it sounds good.

Keith: Have you considered applying at TRW?

Marty: Sigh... we've lost our IBM connection.

Bill H.: Re yr ct Keith, I too have the let's-recruit-new-members urge at times, for (I suspect) much the same reasons. Also, what I hear of midWest GT is something that I would very much like to have out here, If Only We Had More Members... but you can't push something like that; it just has to grow.

Valli: Re yr ct Rolf... who will be the very first people to live and work in space, in large numbers, for long periods of time? Why, the people who are building the space station, of course. This does not mean Ma and Pa Mediocre... at least not for quite a while. Of the lot of us, I'd say that Dave Powell has the best chance of being among the first wave. § I loved your Noreascon report.

Smith's Corona: Re yr ct Bill H: Did you notice that a prominent feature of the spacesuit chestplates in Star Trek:TMP was the bottom body half from the Cylon fighter model? I didn't, but George Popa pointed this out to me. § Re yr ct me, I fully understand why people use the abbreviations; I use 'em, too; as Doug pointed out, though, I like to bitch! If you haven't noticed a copy of Elfquest by now, find a comic-book store somewhere and thumb through a copy. The plot (it's a serial) may not mean much now, though, since they're into their ninth or tenth or eleventh issue... § What is the "Twilite Tone" annoyatron? § See my comments on lasers later thish.

Transporter Topics: Re yr ct Telephone Bill's, I haven't heard about those experiments, and I'm interested. References, please. § Did you see Lupin III at Noreascon?

...on APA-Tech #10:

[Dammit, I am not going to let myself get this far behind again. Not not not.]

Cover: Wow.

555 Times: In case you missed it earlier, I vote for no grace period; see page 1.

Lasergram: Re yr ct's me -- Re the story-cataloging idea, you're right; I wasn't thinking. Re music, ok, what do you have that I don't have? See the "music" heading later thish. § Re English -- I never have trouble with IE vs. EI. The commutative law says they're both equal to P...

Rolf: Re the story catalog... you're absolutely right; those two questions shouldn't be combined. I wasn't thinking (again). What matters is not how you or I view the universe, but how the author built the universe of the story. § Re yr Scrabble program, find someone with a Unix system and a liberal attitude about copyright laws. Most Unix's have an on-line dictionary (no definitions, just a list of properly-spelled words, one per line). If you can find a way to get the data onto your system, it'll save all that typing. Even if you have to spend the same amount of time kluging up a data-transfer technique, this is a much better way to spend the time than by typing...of course, by now, you've probably done quite a bit of it already.

Keith: Re yr ct Dick, on fandom, techies, SCA, media "fans", et al ... I agree! See you at Aquacon?

Mike: Re yr ct Doug, your thoughts here pretty much parallel mine. But there is more. § I really like your whole zine. The compressed type is a tad hard to read, but what the hell.

Renee: I'm going to steer well in the middle of the etymology (no "n" in that word; "entomology" has to do with insects) debate. I think you have a point. But I think Jeff has a point too. Who's point is more important? That depends on your own, personal priorities, and no one's priorities are more correct than anyone else's. § Lasers: Later thish.

Quint Sing: I've always thought that the sneakiest method in mathematics is the one that goes: Assume that your theorem isn't true, and if that leads to a contradiction of a "given", it must be true. This is a higher order of sneakiness, since you can use induction to see where your assumption takes you... § You're right about Cosmos, as far as you go. But it did have quite a few Moments, no? I, too, thoroughly enjoyed Connections, especially the final show. § All right, Greg, it occurs to me that I can ask you this: I've written a couple of elementary SpaceWar programs, with what I thought were correct gravity calculations. Why is it that whenever I put my ship into an orbit around the sun in the middle of the screen, the elliptical path rotates about the sun? Am I missing something somewhere? § Oh, that reminds me -- I was absolutely blown away by the computer-animated galaxy simulations. What'd you think? Sagan missed a bet with the evolution-by-animation sequence, though: The human female at the end of the sequence should have been merged onto the Pioneer plaque. § Re ct me, the biggest problem with reduction Xerox is that I don't have a reducing Xerox at my convenient disposal any more.

[Bletch! That's two pages in a row with an awkward amount of white space at the bottom.]

Bill H.: Could I see some details on that sf-con-based-Adventure-like program? § Re yr ct Ozzie on the mug, gotcha! There are no MICR characters for letters of the alphabet; only the ten digits and a few special symbols, so there'd be little point in printing the mug with magnetic ink... seriously, the "MICR letters" we see so much of are some type designer's idea of MICR letters, much like most of the "OCR" letters we see these days on everything from electronic toys to PyroTechnics. § A network with LISP? Find a terminal, a modem, and the number of an ARPAnet TIP in your local calling area. Once you've done that, let me know, and further instructions will follow.

Gretchen: I have no way to describe the jarring-to-a-stop sensation I felt when I was reading your zine and came across: "being convinced that Jamie Hanrahan hates you...".

I am very upset. Not with you, but with myself, for writing my opinions in such a way that anyone could read that into them.

So we disagree on one or more things, things which are important to both of us. Does disagreeing with someone's beliefs mean that I can't like the person behind them? I don't think so. At least, I certainly hope not.

"Hate"? I honestly don't think I hate anybody. Well, maybe one person in the whole of my experience, and that is over a heckuva lot more than a difference of opinion. There are bunches of people whom I dislike, some pretty intensely, but none of them are in this APA, or even in GT.

This sounds awfully feeble. I really don't know what to say.

Doug: Pls continue the space commentary. § Re yr ct Higgins, you have a point with the artist vs. cartoonist distinction. The issue of what category an artist "should" be placed in would probably be settle the same way it is for magazines (pro vs. fan) now. The trouble is that if everyone who had a point about another needed Hugo category had their way, we'd be giving out at least twice as many Hugos as we do now. Is this good? Is it even ok? Is it still ok if the number expands to three times, or four times, the current number? You tell me. § Liked your comments on Cosmos. § Re the movie-theater commercial: It's reasonable to be worried about subliminal advertising. From what you described, that was not it. Or that or whatever. 24 fps film just isn't fast enough for subliminal advertising. Do you really think people won't recognize a commercial when they see one? Do you really think that anyone who didn't want one of those cars when they went into the theater might want one when they got out? Also, see the article in the recent Omni about subliminal perception; even when done right, it isn't all that effective.

Bill L: Re yr ct Higgins, uh, in a movie camera running at 18 fps (home-movie speed), your maximum exposure time is about 1/36 of a second, which isn't at all fast enough to pick up more than one tv frame.

--- end of mailing comments ---

I have been accumulating things-to-write-about for some time. Since some of these are almost-dead issues in this APA by now, and since this issue is going to run so long anyway, I'm going to trim my ramblings somewhat... but not altogether; these things are important to me.

THE GREAT OCCULT DEBATE

Whew! What a mess this has turned out to be. It all started late one night at Simpact Associates, when I was blearily facing the screen of the DEC word processor, knowing that the only thing standing between me and a finished Pyro

[why can't IBM build typewriters that can hold the paper well within a line or two of the bottom of the page?]

was the lack of an opinion for Page 1. I wanted something that hadn't been talked to death already (I wish for a decent space program as much as anyone in this group, but Jeff had hit that one in the issue before mine); something I felt strongly about; something that would stir up a bit of controversy (there's no point in writing an editorial with which everyone will agree, is there?)... and I came up with that. A number of things probably contributed to my feeling even more than my usual distaste for what one author called "cults of unreason", but they're beside the point.

My basic position is unchanged. I believe in an orderly Universe, and I believe that the only way we're going to solve our problems is to look at it as such. And I think that anything that encourages people to look at the Universe in any other way is detrimental to said problem-solving.

But -- I want to clarify a couple of things. I can see how my editorial might have given you a mental image of a wild-eyed maniac, roaming the corridors of a con hotel, poking into every open door I can find, looking for Tarot-reading sessions with all the fervor and foolishness of a latter-day Carrie Nation. Those of you who met me at Noreascon must know better by now. Why, there was actually a Tarot session in one corner of the room during one of the GT parties! Did I try to bust it up? Did I rise up in righteous wrath, and ask the participants what the hell (hmm, poor choice of word) they were doing? Did I even mention the subject? No, I did not. I am a good deal more reasonable in person than I appear to be in print.

Doug, you're right in your idea that there is little point in looking for things to be upset about within fandom, when there are so many things to be upset about outside of fandom. (Should have had quotes around that.) But fandom here is a reflection of the rest of the world. And it so happens that I have an audience here, where in the real world I would be totally ignored (as is probably fitting (I thought I'd say it before anyone else did!)).

Also to Doug: Supposing, just for the sake of argument, that your idea that I'm not happy unless bitching about something is true. How does that affect the validity of my complaint? And who was talking about psychic abilities? I was talking about Tarot and astrology. Suppose we accept the thesis that telepathy really does exist, and is much more common than most people believe; does this make either Tarot or astrology sound more reasonable?

> Thesis: Telepathy <u>does</u> work. People who can give good Tarot readings are really just drawing on their knowledge of the person; the symbology of the cards is merely a stimulant. Don't you see that believing that the cards themselves have anything to do with it is <u>still</u> misguided?

Mike: Like I said in the mc's, your comments on the field of psi "research" are very close to my opinions. But... remember somebody's corollary to Sturgeon's Law:

> Five percent of some things is <u>not</u> crud.

I <u>know</u> that telepathy works. Period.

And finally Greg: Allow me to summarize your comments on science vs. religion, as the summary matches my feelings: We can't really point to any bit of scientific knowledge and say "We <u>know</u> that this is true", without qualifications, anymore than we can with beliefs that are accepted on faith. This even applies to

my previous one-line paragraph. Even our knowledge of our immediate surroundings is based on the belief that our senses are giving us reasonably accurate information -- a belief which we have utterly no way of proving or disproving. All science, just as all religion, rests on unprovable axioms. The difference lies solely in how far down you have to dig before you bump into one of them.

Belief systems wherein the basic assumptions are too near to the surface just don't appeal to me, that's all.

And, finally, Gretchen: I really don't hate you. Really! I don't know you at all other than through your writing here and in Pyro 26, but from that much contact, dammit, I like you! I'm insecure too, you know; why d'ya think I shout so much in print, yet emulate a well-fed clam in person? I am terribly upset at the thought that I've upset you with my comments. Really, how I feel about a person's opinions rarely has anything to do with how I feel about the person.

#

I think I've said about all I'm going to say on this subject. This discussion shows signs of degenerating into an argument, which I very much do NOT want to happen. So I'm dropping my end of it here, unless someone brings up a really interesting new point, and maybe I'll drop it even then.

COHERENT RAMBLINGS

Item: Coherent Radiation, Inc., longtime competitor to SpectraPhysics in the laser market, changed their name some time ago to just "Coherent", because of popular phobia about the word "radiation".

Item: There is a lawsuit under way by some plaintiffs who claim to have suffered eye damage (cataracts) from exposure to backscattered laser light. Not direct partially-reflective-mirror-to-retina. Not a stray reflection from a beam. But from the waves that fill a room when a laser beam hits a specular surface, such as a wall. And I'm told that there's a good chance that they'll win. Oh, I don't mean to say that they're right -- just that they might very well convince the jury that they are.

Renee, I think you're right. Regardless of our Right to carry lasers; regardless of the fact that the BRH regulations only cover what can be sold, not used; regardless of the fact that we are not employers and therefore not subject to OSHA regulations; etc., etc., this looks like a fine time to lay low and try to not annoy anybody. Some will call this a defeatist attitude; I call it a realistic one. We will almost always lose in any confrontation with organized stupidity.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

It is obvious from just about everyone's comments that we have a very wide range of musical tastes in this group. Can anyone tell me if there is a name for the sort of stuff done by Synergy, Tangerine Dream, Jean-Michael Jarre, etc.? When people ask me "what kind of music do you like?" I have to say "some rock, lots of classical, movie soundtracks, and... um... well, I don't know what it's called, but it's sort of modern electronic symphonic..." Any ideas?

There are two digitally-mastered records out now with TESB music on them. One

[I did it again! I'm cursed...] [did I actually use that word?]

is by John Williams conducting the Boston Pops; it's called "Pops in Space", and contains stuff from Star Wars, TESB, Superman, and CE3K. It's very good. Not quite direct-to-disc quality, but almost. The other is all TESB stuff, but I'm afraid I don't remember the orchestra or conductor, because I was unhappy with the pressing I bought, took it back, and never got another.

In case anyone cares, the theme music to Cosmos is from the album "Heaven and Hell" by Vangelis. It is totally unlike the rest of the album.

Oh, I forgot to mention, I'm also heavily into jazz. Who can recommend a good d-to-d album of swing music?

There are enough people with varied musical tastes in this group that it might be worth bringing cassettes to the next Worldcon, assuming that someone has a semi-portable cassette player of decent quality (if anyone turns up with one of those awful Boxes, as described by Chuck Ott in Pyro 26, I suspect he or she will be open to extensive ridicule; a car cassette deck, powered by a stack of Gates cells and driving ADS mini-speakers, would be far more techish!). But when would anyone have time to listen? Forget it.

I heard an interesting announcement on PBS radio this week. The following isn't anything like verbatim, but it's close enough:

> "Star Wars -- an adaptation for radio in 13 [I think it was 13] parts, coming to this PBS radio station in March."

It'll be an interesting experiment, but does anyone care anymore? Then again, if it works, maybe they'll do the Lensman novels...

SPACE -- THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER

There is no point in belaboring the points already made by Jeff, Doug, et al. But I will anyway. Reagan's new Director of the Office of Management and Budget was asked whether the new administration planned any fat-trimming activities in NASA, and his reply was on the order of "there will be no major changes". Now, this might be good or bad. It might mean that Reagan actually plans to expand the space program, but wants to lay low because he thinks it won't be a popular move. More probably it means that NASA is going to take another licking, as any Reagan-backed space efforts will likely be more in the military's domain.

But now may be just the time to change things for the better. The recent shakeup on Capitol Hill is causing all of our beloved legislators, even the ones who were re-elected, to keep a close eye on public opinion. They are more willing to listen now than they have been in years. But this condition will not last long. The time to hit them is now.

So few people write letters that, when a letter is received in a Senator's or Congressman's office, it is considered to represent from one hundred to a thousand people who feel the same way, but won't bother to write. Ten to fifteen letters in a single week, on a single subject (assuming it's not one that's been brought to nationwide attention by the media or whatever), is considered a flood. So a few letters, or even one letter, can do some good.

For I-don't-know-how-long, people have been saying "we got a million letters together to save Star Trek, and to name the first space shuttle Enterprise, but there's been no organized effort to save the space program". Well, the people who organized the ST letter campaign, John and Bjo Trimble, have taken up the gauntlet. Their flyer is reproduced at the end of this zine. A pity it's not something that will appeal much to mundanes, but see how many other people you can reach with it.

[Side note to Doug: You and I agree so completely here -- let's drop the occult argument as a permanent difference of opinion, and join forces on this. Deal?]

Things are looking up in a few small ways. Some time ago, the Space Theater had a guest speaker down from JPL to show and explain some of the Voyager I pictures; the turnout was so pitiful as to be embarrassing. But last December, they tried it again with Voyager II; so many people showed up that they moved the presentation from the lecture hall to the Space Theater itself, and had to turn bunches of people away besides. I'm watching for the next such event, and will be bringing some better-appearing write-your-congressman flyers.

There will soon be a San Diego chapter of OASIS (Organization for the Advancement of Space Industrialization and Settlement). I've been to a few of the meetings of the LA chapter, and am quite impressed. This is a good group. Keith Thorne, take note.

I understand that there is a CBBS (Computerized Bulletin Board System) sponsored by some branch or other of NASA, that it uses standard ASCII terminals and Bell 103-compatible modems, and that its number is 301-344-9156. I hope someone here has better luck getting through the busy signal than I have had.

NOREASCON TWO

["Isn't it a little late for anyone to be talking about Noreascon? Wasn't that four months or so ago?"]

["Shh! You gotta remember, he hasn't been in the APA for a while. I wonder what he's still doing here?"]

Briefly -- I enjoyed Noreascon tremendously. Easily the best con I've ever attended. I can't understand people who complain about "too much organization"; if they want a disorganized con, they can always refuse to look at any schedules, and just try to find things by luck. The closest thing I can think of to a hassle came when a misinformed gofer, coincidentally named David Levine (no, not our David Levine, some other one), told me that I couldn't wear my GT badge inside my Noreascon badge holder. He was wrong, of course; the badge holder itself is your con ID; they don't care what you put inside it.

Oh, I didn't much like the hike from and to the Park Plaza every day, but that was my fault, after all, for not getting my reservation in soon enough. The food was great. The hotel/convention center was big enough (I only felt crowded in that hallway outside the dealer's room).

My favorite quote from the con was from Marvin Minsky: "I was a little worried about the idea of an intelligent machine, so I decided to build one and see if I could stop it."

Oh, I had my gripes. But I can't remember many of them now, and none of those that I can remember seem important enough to talk about. The con was just too good for them to matter much.

And, people, I must thank you for a large part of that feeling. The various GT gatherings I managed to find were marvelous. Maybe they were typical, ordinary GT parties and meetings to you; I can't really describe how they felt to me, but it was wonderful... I have never felt so thoroughly accepted by a bunch of people I'd never met before. You helped make the con for me. Thank you, one and all.

> [Note to future masquerade participants: Lots of the people looked good on stage by bare eyeball. Not so many looked good in the slides I took, although all were from the same angle, pretty much the same lighting and background, etc. If you want to know how dazzling a costume will be on stage, get into it, arrange yourself in front of a neutral background with mediocre lighting, and have someone take slides. Not prints, slides. If you still look good in the slides, you've got a very inside track.]

RANDOMNESS

A glut of cons will be infesting the LArea in the upcoming months. Aquacon in February. Science Fiction Weekend in March. Equicon 81:Filmcon 5 in April. Phantasmicon in May.

Where are the LA in '84 people planning to put their con? Let's hope it's not the Disneyland Hotel, home of the long-awaited Aquacon. Con rates are $54 single, $64 double. The new Sheraton-Plaza La Reina (near LAX) doesn't seem to be big enough. The LAX Marriott won't take sf cons, partly thanks to Doug Wright, and partly thanks to some stupid fen's overreactions to him. The Bonaventure recently cancelled out of a deal with Galacticon, in the week just before the con was to have been held; so much for that hotel, pretty though it is. The LA Hyatt Regency is smaller than the Marriott. I hope this isn't another "we really don't have anyplace to hold a Worldcon these days, but we want a Worldcon, so we're going to go ahead with the bid anyway" deal, as Denvention appears to be. (An eight-block walk from the con hotel to the exhibit area/main auditorium???)

FREE FOR THE SHIPPING

I have recently been given:

-- A Cartrivision video cassette recorder/player (this is the unit that Sears was building into console color tv's about five years back)

-- A Typagraph DP-30 MKV printing computer terminal (30 cps; runs on 240V)

I have no particular use for either. The Cartrivision unit has extensive documentation with it; the terminal has none at all. Does anyone want either of these, or parts therefrom, before I tear into 'em?

END OF DATA

Until next time...oh, yeah: Can anyone explain the distinction between "franking" and "inserting"? Thanks. Later. Goodnight. And thanks again for Noreascon.....

THIS SPACE UNINTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANK.

[Has someone used this variant before? If so, sorry, I couldn't find where... --JEH]

FILL THE OVAL OFFICE WITH MAIL!

PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN, The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave, Wash, D.C. 20500

LETTER-WRITING TIPS

1. Type or write legibly.
2. Use business-sized (#10) envelopes if possible.
3. Use white typing paper, not cute colored paper. (Somehow, a message loses its serious impact when written in purple ink on shocking pink paper.)
4. Be brief: one page is best. One paragraph is fine.
5. BE POLITE! Snotty letters get thrown away or -- even worse -- get used as "examples" to newsmen!
6. Avoid form letters; be yourself.
7. Keep to the subject & don't ask for a reply.
8. Use a letterhead (but only if you have a legitimate claim to one)
9. NO CARBONS to President Reagan or the key Congressmen listed here; carbons may be sent to your own Congressmen to show them you have an opinion they should listen to if they want reelection!

Use a petition ONLY if people won't bother to write their own letters: a letter is better!

WIRE

WESTERN UNION has a special PERSONAL OPINION MESSAGE of 20 words (only) on any political issue for $3.50. This can be billed to your telephone. Call your local WESTERN UNION for details on how to do this in your area. You can send a PERSONAL OPINION MESSAGE to all five Congressmen listed in this newsletter plus Pres. Reagan for $21.00 -- about the price of a movie for the whole family!

TELEPHONE TIPS

WHEN CALLING WASHINGTON D.C.:

1. You don't have to live in their district to call any government representative on a committee, but if you do live in their voting area, SAY SO.

2. Long-distance calls often get priority, so say where you're calling from.

3. Be brief & to the point. The answerer only records opinions & cannot get involved in discussion.

4. Don't give your age; they discount anyone under 18 (which is really stupid!)

5. Don't ask to talk to the Senator or Representative personally; it's wasting your telephone time.

6. Don't argue or be rude.

7. Call as a private citizen, not as a member of any group, so the call cannot be discounted as a push by one organization.

8. Now call your own Senator & Congressman to say you want them to call for space support, too!

THE COST OF FOUR PHONE CALLS TO WASHINGTON D.C. IS ABOUT THAT OF ONE MOVIE for anyone in the continental U.S. Is one more screening of "STAR WARS" worth it to assure a real space future? Use THE FORCE!

The November, 1980 issue of OMNI Magazine contains an article on Space & Election Time by David C. Webb in which he lists all the voting done on various budgets & bills for NASA. Check up on your Congressman!

The Chairman of the House Subcommittee on HUD & Independent Agencies, REPRESENTATIVE EDWARD P. BOLAND, is no friend to space supporters. He tries to kill all space programs & needs to be told by many, many Americans to LAY OFF! It is a matter of record that he did back off when he got 500 letters that were for the Galileo program, so he can be influenced by us!

All you Massachusetts fans, get hustling, because you can hit him in his home office as well! You have the voting heft to call this man & inquire (sweetly, of course) if he'd ever like to get reelected! Don't let our future down!

SENATOR HARRISON SCHMITT has a fine reputation on space programs & funding for same; call his office to offer all the support this man needs. Ask for copies of his bill that could fund space efforts for several years instead of this wearisome annual begging! Give people like this all the encouragement they need.

Word is that Florida's REPRESENTATIVE DON FUQUA is also pro-space. Again, they need opinions & letters as much as the 'black hats' because the pro-space politicians will see those opinions reach committee!

Not much is known about Proxmire's replacement, SENATOR JAKE GARN FROM Utah, yet. Fans in Utah might call his home office and ask. While you're on the phone, get your feelings officially noted on the opinion poll which every politician keeps.

"Every man who speaks out loud...Every man who expresses what he honestly thinks is changing the Spirit of the Times." ---Elbert Hubbard

THESE ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN WASHINGTON D.C. RIGHT NOW -- THEY NEED TO KNOW YOUR OPINION EVEN MORE THAN THE PRESIDENT! Call or write:

SENATOR JAKE GARN (Utah)
Chairman, Senate Subcommittee on HUD & Independent Agencies, 5121 Dirksen Senate Office Bldg., Wash. D.C. 20510 (202) 224-5444

SENATOR HARRISON SCHMITT (New Mexico)
Chairman, Senate Subcommittee on Science, Technology & Space, Room 709-A, Immigration Bldg. Wash. D.C. 20510 (202) 224-5521

REPRESENTATIVE EDWARD P. BOLAND (Mass.)
Chairman, House Subcommittee on HUD & Independent Agencies, 2426 Rayburn House Office Bldg., Wash. D.C. 20515 (202) 225-5601

REPRESENTATIVE DON FUQUA (Florida)
Chairman, House Subcommittee on Space, Science & Applications, Room 2321 Rayburn Bldg. Wash. D.C. 20515 (202) 225-5235

HON. DAVID STOCKMAN, Office of Management & Budget
Executive Office Building
Washington, DC 20503

It is important that this man in particular be told we of the Space Constituency support (not necessarily in this order):

Solar Power Satellites (SPS)
Interorbital tug
Halley's Comet Intercept (& other interplanetary probes)
STARBASE ONE: Space Operations Facility
The 5th shuttle

AT A LOSS FOR ADDRESSES, PHONE NUMBERS OF YOUR SENATOR OR CONGRESSMEN? ASK YOUR LIBRARY!

THE STAR TREK STAR WARS DREAM

"What does George [STAR WARS] Lucas have that [the real space program doesn't?] ... Escapism, romance & fantasy as opposed to ... awesome, mind-numbing reality."

---Philip M. Eklund,
Aerospace engineer

◆

"Most of us think of Galactic Empires hundreds of light years away. Yet in our own galaxy there may be hundreds of good story concepts. Saturn may be a giant phonograph record of artifacts waiting for us to go out & play it!"

--Kathleen Sky, author

◆

"Americans have begun to turn their thoughts to the freedom of outer space as evidenced by the extreme popularity of a TV series & movie called *STAR TREK* as well as *STAR WARS* & others."---G. Harry Stine, THE SPACE ENTERPRISE

◆

"In this new era of high technology...we can derive enormous civil benefits from a space program... In the years to come, we're going to have to have orbiting factories manufacturing in outer space...I'm not a victim of 'Star Wars' & 'The Empire Strikes Back' ...The Germans & the Japanese are doing research in this area right now & they are ahead of us...Some may scoff at this as futuristic, but we can't come to the point of exhausting supplies & deposits & then say, 'What are we going to do?' "

--John B. Anderson

◆

"Those fans who worked to get the first ship's name changed to 'ENTERPRISE' have legitimate grounds for complaint; that's the one the Administration has chosen to cancel. ENTERPRISE will never go to space, & I for one can't help thinking there's a kind of grim vengeance in that." --Jerry Pournelle,
A STEP FARTHER OUT

◆

"I cannot understand the purblindness of politicians who don't realize the exploding interest in science fiction & STAR WARS...& all of these things... There is a whole generation growing up which is absolutely space-oriented & they are now in a position to lay the foundations of something practical coming out of this, & [the politicians] cannot see this!"

---Theodore Sturgeon, in an interview for FUTURE LIFE Magazine, (Feb. 1980)

◆

STAR TREK NEWS: Paramount has no immediate plans to re-edit ST:TMP or make a new movie (as of this writing) & is still only talking about every-few-months 2-hr. TV movie. Gene Roddenberry is at Columbia Studios on a new non-SF TV project. Paramount is getting really upset about fans writing in & blaming GR or Susan Sackett of trying a "save ST" write-in campaign. Paramount now sends all the ST mail to GR's office; it is not being counted. So the word is: hold off for awhile, let all the hassling quiet down & see what the future holds.

ATTENTION ALL FANS

The United Federation of Star Trek Clubs, United Federation of Fans (or Fan Clubs), United Federation of Peoples, operating out of a Chicago address, headed by a Mr. Om, does *NOT* have permission to use my name. Anyone hearing from this organization with my name in any of its literature, please contact me immediately.

--Bjo Trimble

YOUR VOTING RIGHTS

SPEAK OUT -- VOTE --SPEAK UP! We've begun to stop exercising this beautiful basic right at every opportunity & we stand in danger of losing our VOICE! Good people who refuse to vote (whatever the stupid excuse) are as guilty of voting in the rascals as the 'wrong' voters.

John & I took abuse from people our age when we walked precincts, trying to get the 18-year-old vote: now we hear the 18-year-olds claim it isn't worth their time to move off their fat apathy into the voting booth s!

The world of science fiction fandom--in all its permutations--works on the balloting system, also, for many of its functions. Fans vote on the Science Fiction Achievement Awards ("HUGOs" named for the "father" of SF, Hugo Gernsback); they vote on the best fan to send across an ocean via the TransAtlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) or the Down-Under Fan Fund (DUFF); they vote on future convention sites for Worldcons & Westercons. Or...do they? Surprisingly, though science fiction fans like to consider themselves far more intelligent than any "mundane" non-SF person, they just as seldom exercise their privilege to SPEAK UP on all subjects!

It takes a simple supporting membership in the current Worldcon to vote on a convention site. That's a small price to pay to add your voice. Trek & Star Wars fans complain that the major SF conventions constantly put them down or even bar programming in their interests from the con; yet it does not seem to have dawned on these good people that they far outnumber the 'hard-core SF' fans. By exercising their votes for Hugos & convention sites; by carefully selecting a committee which has a record of being sympathetic toward special interest groups, fandom could be rocked!

This does not mean that I'm advocating every Trekker rush out & vote "I Am Not Spock" for a Hugo! Every vote should be considered carefully & weighed; this is a privilege to utilize in the best possible way, not to be used for frivolity.

You won't lose the space program if you fail to vote on a fannish subject, of course. But the problem is perhaps closer. My point is that you should stay in the habit of making known your vote at every opportunity; keep in practice SPEAKING UP.

--Bjo Trimble

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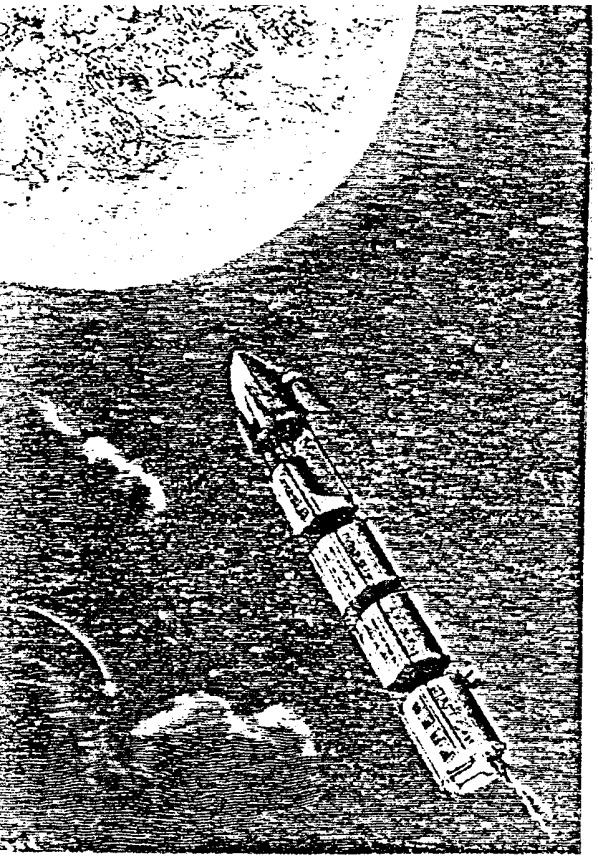
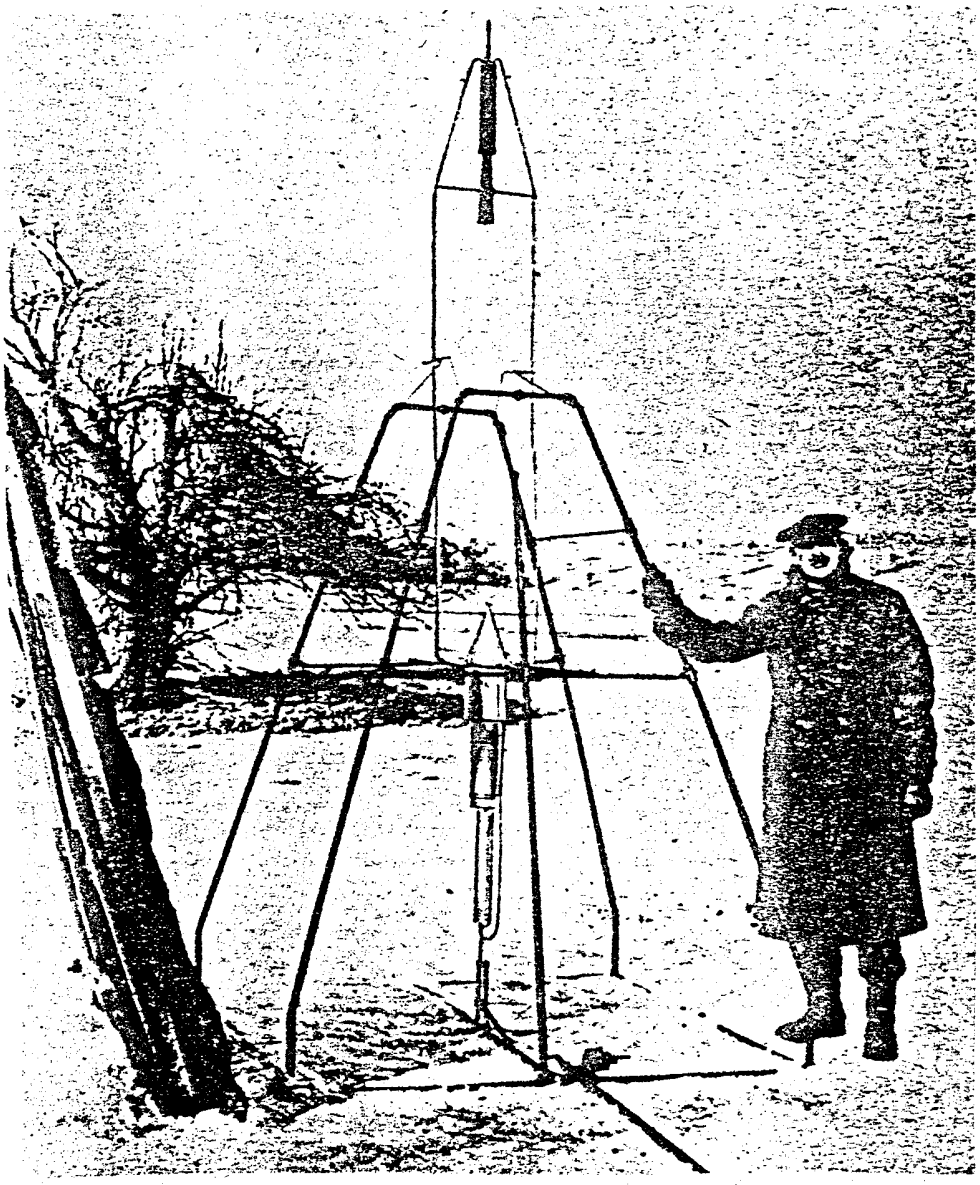
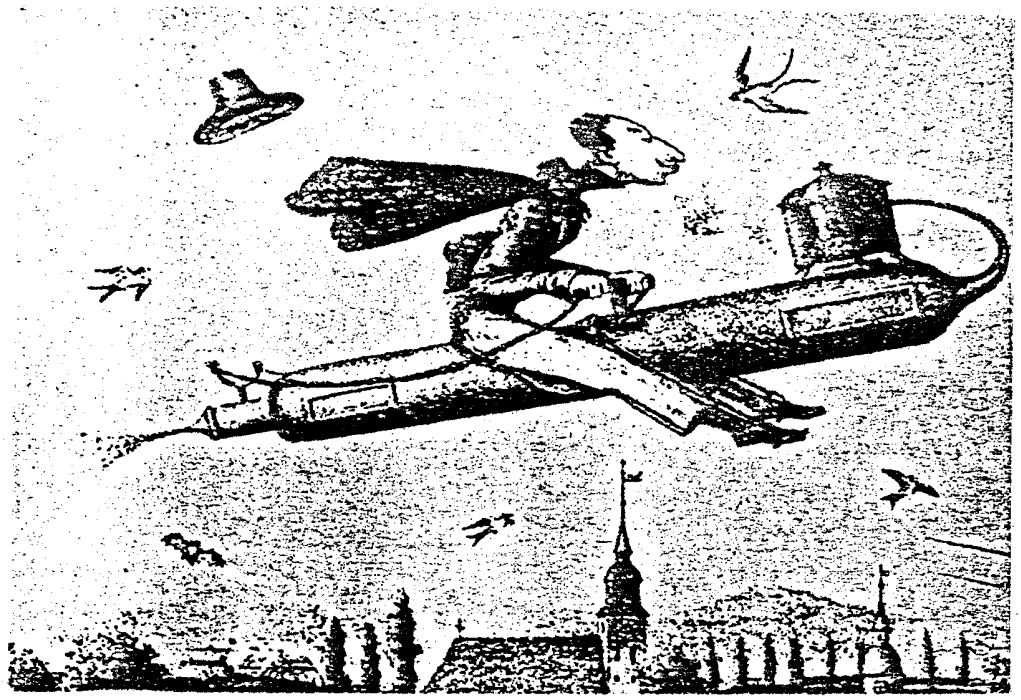


US 10

Spaceships Issue





THE Quintessential Singularity 10

22 January 1981 for APA-TECH 11

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* * *

It was nice to have a day or two to read through APA-TECH 10, its adumbrated supplement, and Pyrotnuctipnics before starting work on the present number. Hobbies can be so relaxing...

I started my job in Orbital Dynamics at WU three weeks ago (the present moment being the morning of February 6th). It is just as incredibly routine as the Controller's job was. Each satellite must be kept in a very nearly circular (eccentricities of a few ten-thousandths), very nearly equatorial (inclinations of a few hundredths of a degree) orbit, within $0^{\circ}.1$ of its nominal longitude (as designated by the FCC), and with its spin axis very nearly pointed at the North Celestial Pole (within a few hundredths of a degree). A typical four-week cycle of corrective maneuvers involves: (1) reducing the inclination of the orbit; (2) adjusting the attitude of the spacecraft so its rotation axis will be pointing at the Pole the following week; (3) modifying the eccentricity of the orbit and moving the satellite back toward its assigned longitude; and (4) adjusting the attitude for the next week. We run maneuvers around the middle of the week, usually on Wednesday, wait around the rest of the week while the Controllers collect 72 hours of positional data for us (hence, each of the staff gets alternate Fridays off), then fight the crowd on the Univac 1110 at Mahwah on Monday to work out the new orbit and details of the next maneuver, such as when to fire the thrusters and for how long. My charge is Westar II, out at $123^{\circ}.5$ West.

The interesting stuff comes in a few months when our PDP-11/70s show up. I am going to be largely responsible for writing the programs for orbit and maneuver determination, eclipse prediction, sun interference prediction, and anything else of an astrodynamical nature. As a result, I am trying to run through our audio-visual course on the PDP-11 and all manner of things about celestial mechanics and statistical data handling as quickly as possible. It sounds very promising and I expect to be very busy come June. I like it far more than baby-sitting twelve hours a day; after all, apsis makes the heart grow fonder...

The Chairman of the Board of WU came to Glenwood last week to get photographed for the annual report. (Management didn't bother showing him O.D.: it was too much before feeding time...) He happened to mention that Westar V is already sold out and that Westar VI is being contemplated. We now have an official launch date for Westar IV of January 21, 1982 (we are T - 49 weeks) and W - V appears to be going up early that July. The folks from Hughes Aircraft are coming this summer to tear the place apart and put in lots of new equipment. WU approved a building extension, so by next winter I may have part of a carpeted office and my own interactive link to the PDP. It's good to be moving sideways in the world. (By the way, my supervisor asked me to mention that we're hiring...)

Around April 1st, I will be changing rooms in the Village from Hemlock 4K (for Kramped?) to Hemlock 5, a one-bedroom ground-floor apartment with a real kitchen (dishwasher 'n' everything). Since I'll still be in the same building, my address will remain exactly as above, probably until late next year.

I didn't get the electronics course I was after this semester. Since I missed mail-in registration this time, it was already filled up, so I substituted a music course. All my courses have now gotten under way and look to be worthwhile so far. WU, it turns out, will pick up the tab on everything if I pass, but it counts as taxable income unless the courses are job-related. I plan to take another shot at electronics this summer.

Between my Detroit fare going up 30%, my flight to Chicago going from $99 each way to $149 since Windycon, an exceptionally cold winter doubling my electricity bill, and Mr. Hollywood deregulating oil, I've had to postpone my visit to Boston (oh well, another Boskone missed). I may pop in at Lunacon instead...

I got a nice letter from "The CAPRICON Committee" showing me how to get in from the airport (thanks, Ms. or Mr. Committee) and I believe I have a ride down to Champaign from there. However, I decided to cancel my $70 ride on Ozark back to Chicago in order to afford this vacation. Would anyone happen to be bound for Chicago from Chambana on March 1st? I'll be happy to buy the gas. If such is not possible, I would appreciate details on bus or train schedules and how to get to O'Hare from the appropriate depot.

I still have space in my doubles in Evanston and Columbus for anyone who happens to sleep during convention weekends. I'm still waiting to hear from Denver about a double there. I'll be happy to take in boarders; the rent's gonna be $42 to $65 a night, depending on how far down my list of alternatives they go...

When Rolf and I were volunteering the Whatcon Trivialists for duty at Chicon, we were told that Windycon would be held December 18 - 20. Can any confirm or deny this? I am somewhat concerned, as this may conflict with launch rehearsals for Westar IV...

I read an item in the 18 October Science News about a group of people developing an optical-digital computer. They are trying to produce analogues of various electronic components, substituting coherent light for electric current. They expect to be able to fabricate "circuitry" on a scale of 250,000 components per square inch. A working device is hoped to be demonstrated within five years. Does anyone know more about these plans?

I herein confirm, after speaking with GTB, that I shall be editing APA-TECH 13, the Second Anniversary Issue. The theme will be (in)appropriate technology. I am thinking of improbable or unreasonable applications, such as the proverbial "H-bomb to kill a mosquito", Sinclair monofilament weed-eaters, or some of the items in the 2156 Poly-Paks catalog. If you feel this too frivolous, you are welcome to remove the "in-" and discuss something wholesome and socially uplifting.

On the way home from work yesterday, I saw a yellow car identified as a "Starfire GT." Any of you folks develop a fusion-powered automobile and forget to mention it?

* * *

Now I know where all the unsold American cars wind up: they're parked in the lobby of Detroit Metro Airport. Rolf was there to whisk me off to Ypsilanti; I made his promise to use the Chevette next time. Once in his apartment, he presented me with a "Beach-ball," a Rubik's Cube (a monstrous device invented by the Other Side to destroy the minds of hapless Americans), and (even more insidious) a gift certificate for the Liberty Record Store in Ann Arbor. "They have some nice book and record stores there," he assured me. I was reminded of Socrates' observation on the subject of friends... Mornings were spent in trying to extract hot water from the shower, juggling lessons, and trenchant analyses of the works of Warner Brothers and Jay Ward, before pulling ourselves together at the crack of noon to head off into the outer realms.

Friday, we drove down the street to Ann Arbor for some very thorough and satisfying economic suicide at the Liberty and at Borders Book Store; another foot of non-existent shelf space in my room is consumed. (But watch out for Rolf when he's got "plastic" in his hand...) With evening approaching, we continued on to Plymouth to register at Elkeveredes... Ruglingur... Hämminki?... whatever that convention was called. Since no familiar folk were in evidence at 7 PM, we went off to a Szechuan place and returned to find a whole bunch of people all at once. The GT party on the sofa was captured for the 11 o'clock news, although some individuals failed to register on tape or appeared as amorphous effulgences.

Other activities enjoyed over the weekend (in some order) included terrorizing the staff at Denny's; a performance of the "Contrafactus" from the Book of St. Doug by the GT Self-referential Boys' Choir; sampling the Ozark apple pie, the blueberry, the CHERRY the bananacreamtheblackbottom!! at the Cozy Cafe; launching a weather balloon strafing run on military planes, to the approval and helium-quacks of the Mob; fine dining in high style at The Earle with three Bentleys of ChUSFA (and one Mr. Bentley) and one Skinner of MITSFS, as well as the Mad Bookstore Rovers and other dangerous characters; and a closing informal seminar on what to do when the Universe ends (SELL!). Suddenly, it was time to pile into cars (unhappily, not always the ones people arrived in) and part company. Say, how was the convention?

* * *

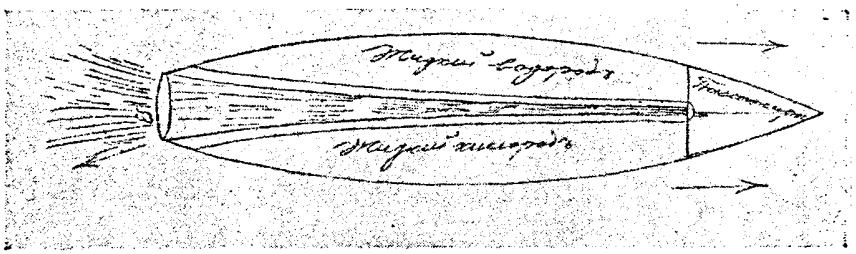
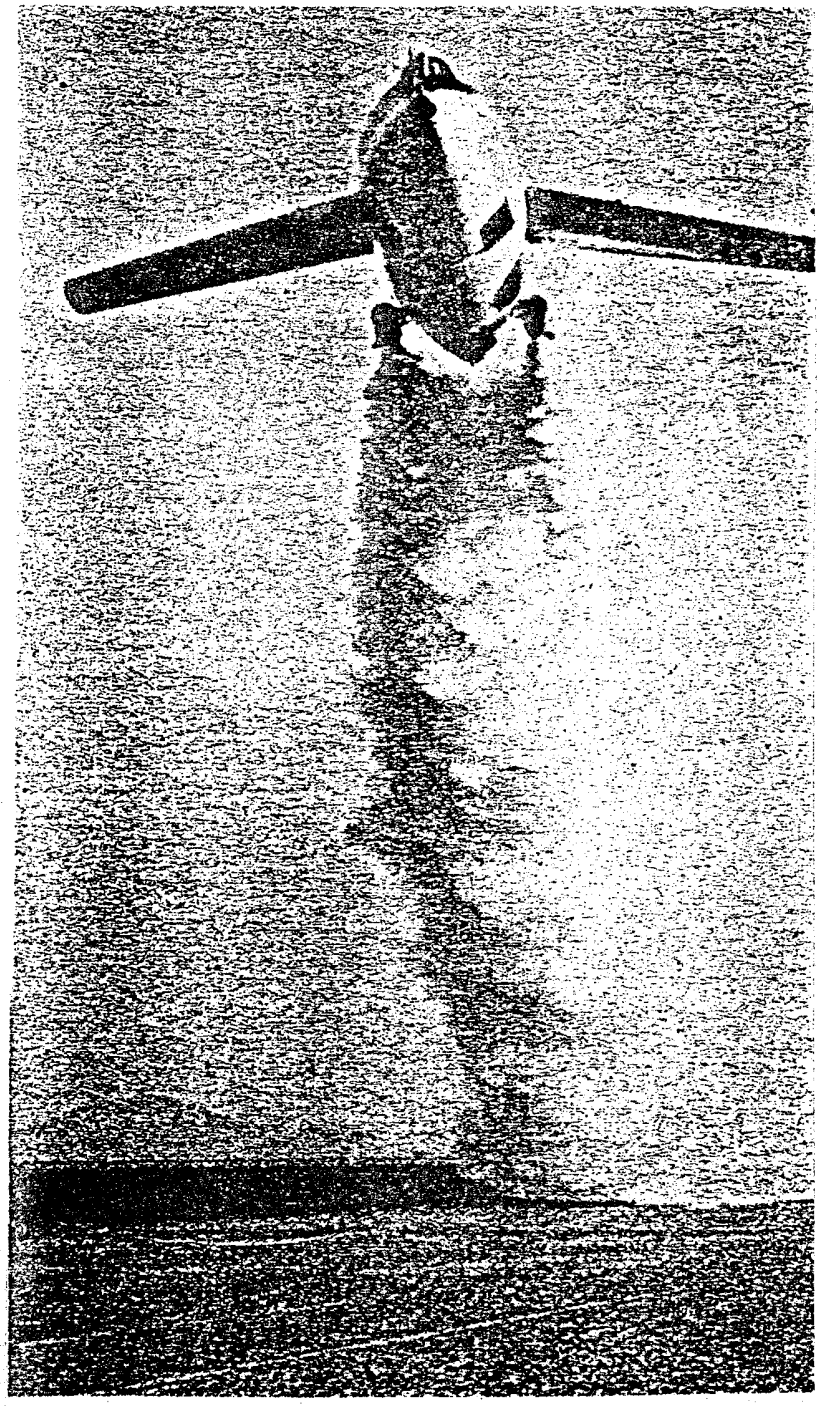
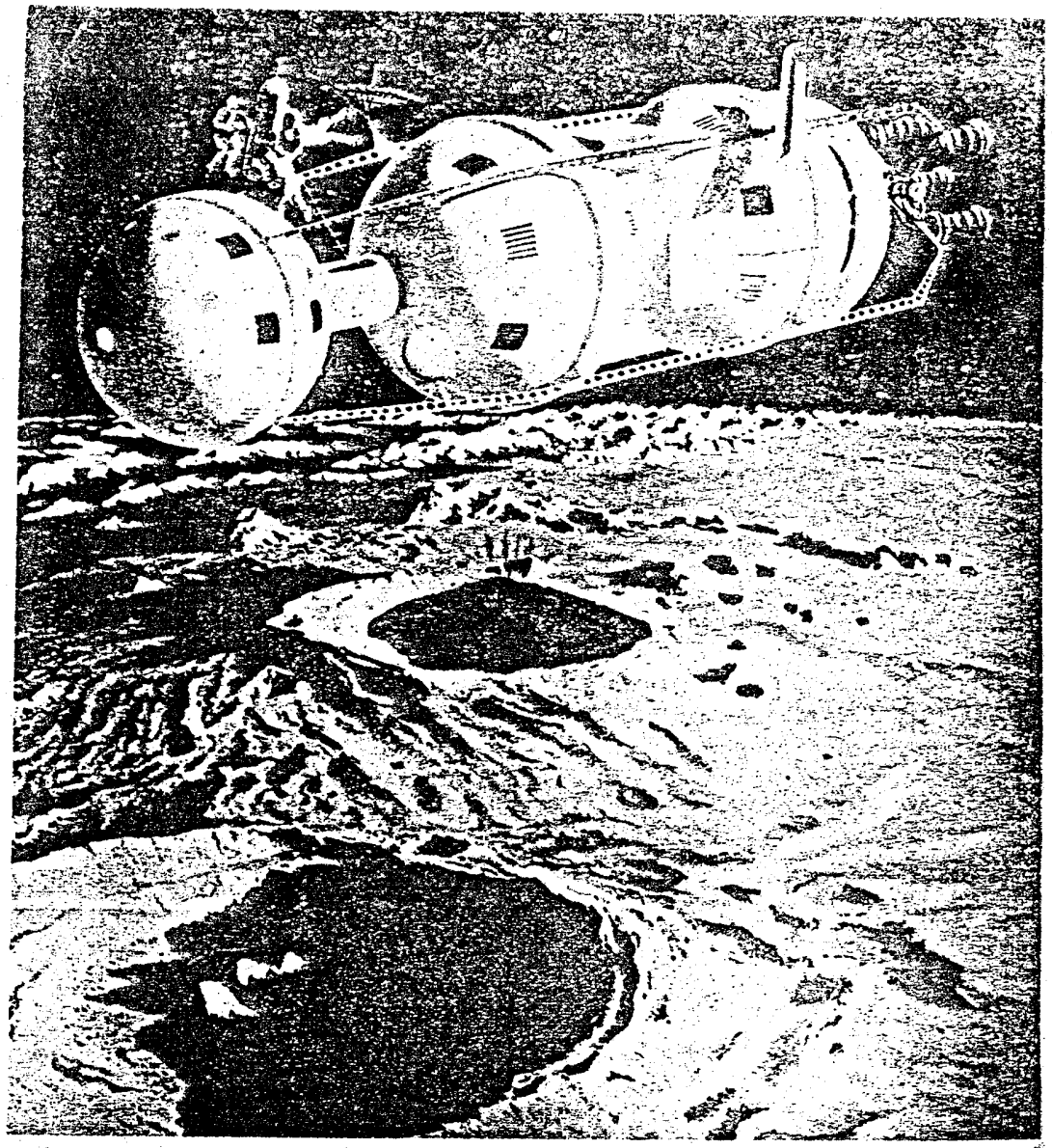


Fig. 1 *Diagram of a rocket. Liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen are separated by a partition. The gases mix and explode at* A, *cold highly rarefied vapour (explosion products) exits at* B. *The pipe* AB *is surrounded by a jacket with circulating liquid metal. In the forward part of the rocket is a room for passengers*



Closest thing to a real spaceship today is Douglas Skyrocket shown at right. It has traveled at twice the speed of sound.



Painting by Chesley Bonestell
Courtesy, The Viking Press

This conception of a spaceship over the Moon is scientifically accurate in every detail. It is based on design ideas of Dr. Wernher von Braun, who recently stated that such a ship will be built by 1977. Ball-shaped cabin in front will carry 20 passengers. Spheres tied together at rear are huge fuel tanks.

THE PLANETS -- 1 FEBRUARY TO 1 APRIL:

Mercury, Venus, and Mars are all too close to the Sun to be visible for the next two months. Jupiter and Saturn remain close together and rise about 9 PM at the beginning of this interval and just before sunset by April. They are nearly in the same location as shown on the star map last time, being in the midst of their retrograde loops; Jupiter attains opposition on March 26th, Saturn on March 27th. Jupiter is seen as the brightest object in the night sky, after the Moon, at this time.

* * *

There has been a lot of discussion recently about "space elevators" or "skystalks", direct physical links between the Earth's surface and a point on the geosynchronous circle. I have read Sheffield's article in Destinies #5 and Clarke's The Fountains of Paradise and I thought it would be interesting to derive some results pertaining to this concept.

For the sake of numerical simplicity, I will adopt a special distance unit and time unit. My unit of distance shall simply be the Earth's radius, denoted as $R_\oplus$: this is equal to 6378.15 km. The unit of time is defined as follows: imagine a satellite in an orbit just skimming the Earth's surface ($r = 1\,R_\oplus$); let the orbital period of that satellite be defined as $P = 2\pi$ T.U. Hence, 1 TU is equal to 13.447 minutes. At appropriate points, I will translate back into the more familiar units.

There are two important numbers we wish to find first: the distance at which a body released from the elevator would be placed into a circular orbit and the distance at which such a body would be launched into an escape trajectory. All points on the elevator move at a uniform angular speed, that is, every point circles the Earth in one sidereal day. The linear velocity at which a point at a distance r from the Earth's center moves is thus:

$$V = \frac{\text{circumference}}{1 \text{ sidereal day}} = \frac{2\pi r}{106.796 \text{ TU}} .$$

First, let us consider placement into a circular orbit. The "circular velocity", that is, the velocity necessary to attain a circular orbit, at a distance r from Earth's center, is $\sqrt{1/r}$ or $r^{-1/2}$, in these units. We want to find the point at which the local linear velocity on the elevator equals the local circular velocity; thus,

$$\frac{2\pi r_c}{106.796} = r_c^{-1/2} \Rightarrow r_c^{3/2} = \frac{106.796}{2\pi} \Rightarrow r_c = \left(\frac{106.796}{2\pi}\right)^{2/3} = \underset{(42{,}164.2 \text{ km.})}{6.61073\, R_\oplus} = r_{synch} .$$

This is just what we would expect: the distance at which a body must orbit to have a period of one sidereal day is the geosynchronous distance.

For an escape trajectory, the body will need to attain the local escape velocity, which is $\sqrt{2/r} = 2^{1/2} \cdot r^{-1/2}$. The distance at which this occurs is:

$$\frac{2\pi r_e}{106.796} = 2^{1/2} \cdot r_e^{-1/2} \Rightarrow r_e^{3/2} = 2^{1/2} \cdot \frac{106.796}{2\pi} \Rightarrow r_e = 2^{1/3} \cdot r_c = \underset{(53{,}123.6 \text{ km.})}{8.32900\, R_\oplus} .$$

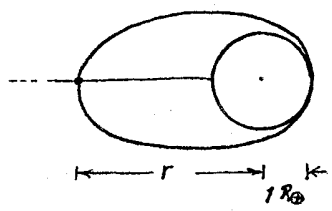
Bodies released from below r_c will be in elliptical orbits with their apogees at the point of release; bodies released between r_c and r_e will be in elliptical orbits with their perigees at the point of release; bodies released at r_e or beyond will be on escape trajectories.

Let's look at the results of release from various evenly spaced points on the elevator.

In these tables, r is the distance from Earth's center of the release point, a is the orbital semi-major axis, e is the orbital eccentricity (these were discussed in QS 8+9), P is the orbital period, r_p is the distance at perigee from the Earth's center, r_a is the distance at apogee, and t_{imp} is the time until striking the Earth's surface (neglecting atmospheric effects).

r ($R_\oplus$)	a ($R_\oplus$)	e	r_p ($R_\oplus$)	t_{imp} (min.)	P (min.)
1.5	0.75440	0.98833	0.00880	19.1	—
2.0	1.01404	0.97231	0.02808	35.1	—
2.5	1.28474	0.94593	0.06947	53.4	—
3.0	1.57353	0.90653	0.14708	74.7	—
3.5	1.89027	0.85161	0.28051	100.2	—
4.0	2.24911	0.77848	0.49822	132.0	—
4.5	2.67128	0.68458	0.84258	176.2	—
5.0	3.19015	0.56735	1.38022	—	481.4
5.5	3.86211	0.42412	2.22413	—	641.3
6.0	4.79101	0.25232	3.58214	—	886.0
r_c = 6.61073	r_s	0.	r_s	—	1436.1 (1 sidereal day)
			r_a ($R_\oplus$)		
7.0	8.61284	0.18723	10.2254	—	2136
7.5	13.8960	0.46030	20.2924	—	4377
8.0	35.12415	0.77224	62.2484	—	17,588
r_e = 8.32900	∞	1.	∞		—

We may note that somewhere between 4.5 $R_\oplus$ and 5.0 $R_\oplus$ our projectiles stop smacking into the Earth and attain complete orbits. It is of some interest to learn just where this occurs. If we ignore the atmosphere and arrange to just graze the Earth's surface, we will need an orbital major axis of $(r+1)\,R_\oplus$; hence, the orbital semi-major axis must be $a = \frac{r+1}{2}$. We will need the so-called "vis-viva" equation, which relates a, the distance from the orbital focus, r, and the instantaneous velocity, v:



$$\frac{1}{a} = \frac{2}{r} - v^2 \quad .$$

We know the velocity at launch point and the desired semi-major axis, so we want to solve for the location of the launch point:

$$\frac{1}{a} = \frac{2}{r+1} = \frac{2}{r} - \left(\frac{2\pi r}{106.796}\right)^2 \quad \Rightarrow \quad 4\pi^2 r^4 + 4\pi^2 r^3 - 2(106.796)^2 = 0 \, .$$

Unless you are fond of solving quartic equations directly, you use something like Newton's root-finding method to obtain $r = 4.6707\ R_\oplus$ (29,790 km.). Now the question is: do we <u>want</u> to neglect the atmosphere? The relationship between velocity at perigee and at apogee is $r_p v_p = r_a v_a$; we start at release with a velocity of $\frac{2\pi \cdot 29{,}790\ \text{km}}{86164.1\ \text{sec}} = 2.172$ km/sec and we end up skimming over the surface at 4.6707 times that speed or 10.15 km/sec. It might be a good idea to get above "all" the atmosphere; a margin of 1000 km. should put us outside the ionosphere. We now have an orbital semi-major axis of $a = \frac{r + 1.1568}{2}$ and a new quartic equation of:

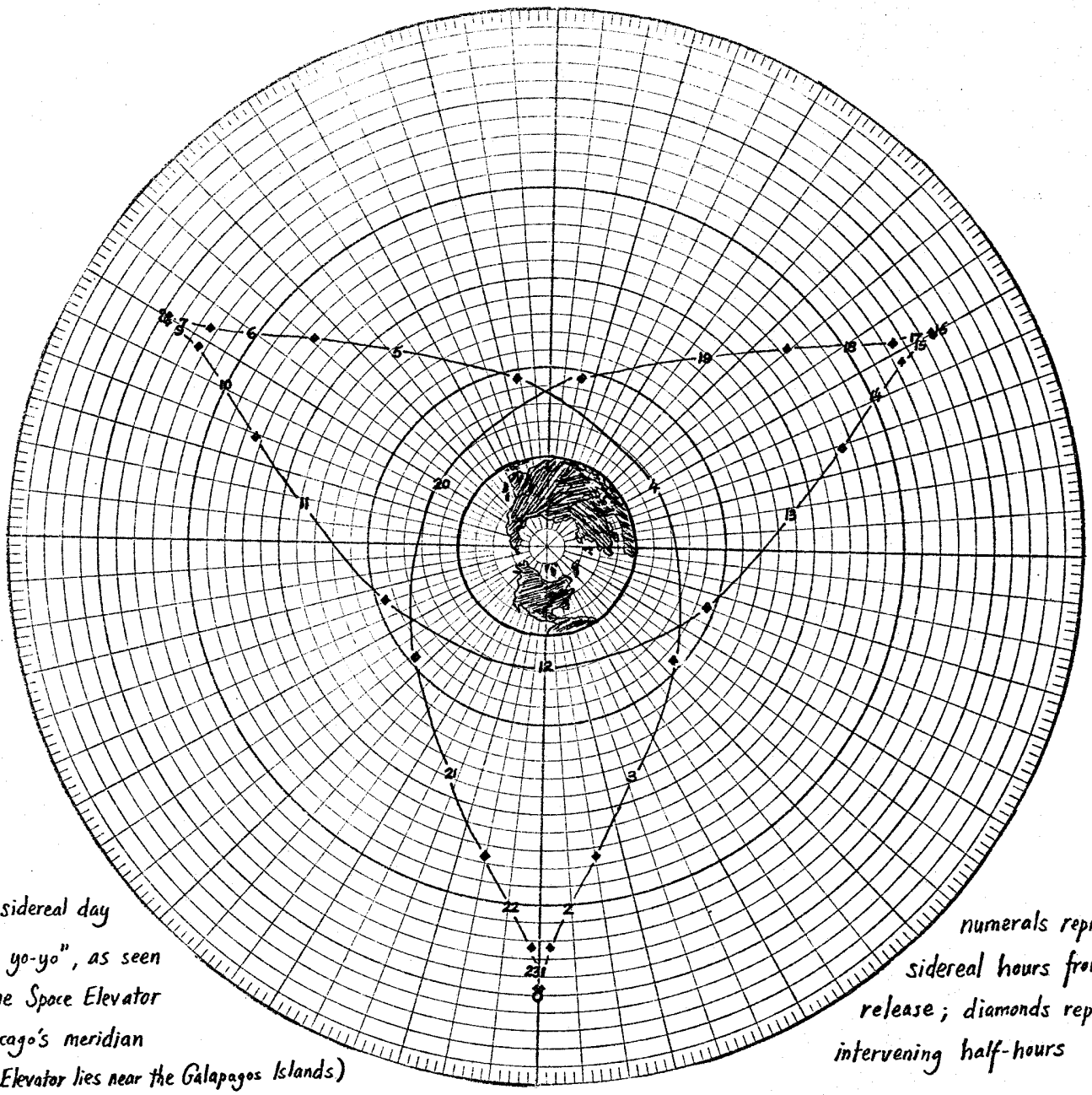
$$4\pi^2 r^4 + 4\pi^2 (1.1568) r^3 - 2(1.1568)(106.796)^2 = 0\ ;$$

the launch point that will let us clear the atmosphere at perigee lies at $4.8183\ R_\oplus$ (30,732 km.).

If we climb above the geosynchrous "floor" on our elevator, we can consider throwing things at the Moon. The orbital semi-major axis of the Moon is $60.2689\ R_\oplus$; using the same kind of computation as before, we determine the proper launch point to be $r = 7.99043\ R_\oplus$. A projectile would reach the Moon at apogee in one-half its orbital period or $\pi \cdot (34.1297)^{3/2}$ TU = 8423.0 minutes = 5.8493 solar days. The projectile is launched with a velocity of 3.716 km/sec and would reach the Moon's orbit with a velocity of $\frac{7.99043}{60.2689} \cdot 3.716$ km/sec = 0.493 km/sec. The Moon's average orbital velocity is about 1.02 km/sec and its escape velocity at its surface is about 2.2 km/sec, so, with careful timing, it should be possible to launch objects for lunar orbital capture.

One last bit, for fun, is to consider launching objects so they would have orbits commensurate with the sidereal day and return to the elevator after an integral number of orbits. We already know that we must launch from above $4.8183\ R_\oplus$, which would produce an orbit with a period of 0.30381 sidereal days. We'll also want to keep the number of orbits traversed small to prevent lunar and solar perturbations from changing the characteristics of the orbit significantly; otherwise, it will not return to the release point. Here are the details for various "orbital yo-yos."

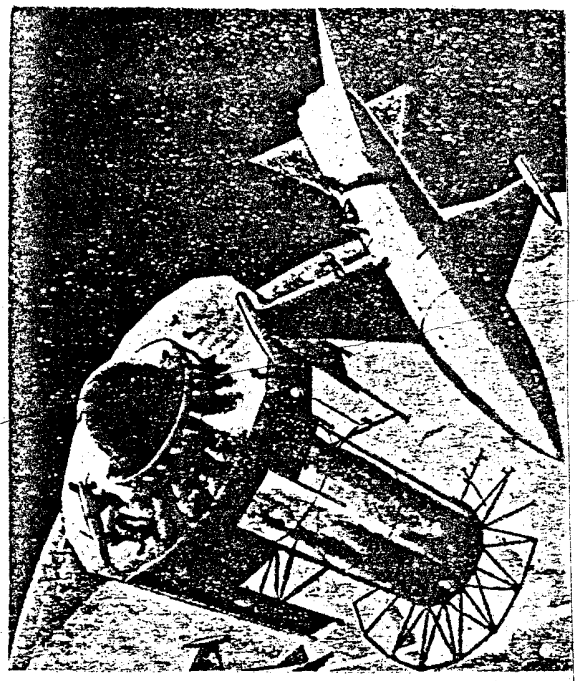
r ($R_\oplus$)	a ($R_\oplus$)	e	r_p ($R_\oplus$)	P (sid. days)
4.98966	3.17811	0.57001	1.36656	1/3
5.31382	3.58886	0.48064	1.86390	2/5
5.68312	4.16450	0.36466	2.64588	1/2
5.95974	4.70273	0.26729	3.44572	3/5
6.10889	5.04493	0.21090	3.98097	2/3
6.26633	5.45704	0.14830	4.64775	3/4
6.34847	5.69695	0.11436	5.04543	4/5



a $\frac{1}{3}$ - sidereal day "orbital yo-yo", as seen from the Space Elevator at Chicago's meridian (base of Elevator lies near the Galapagos Islands)

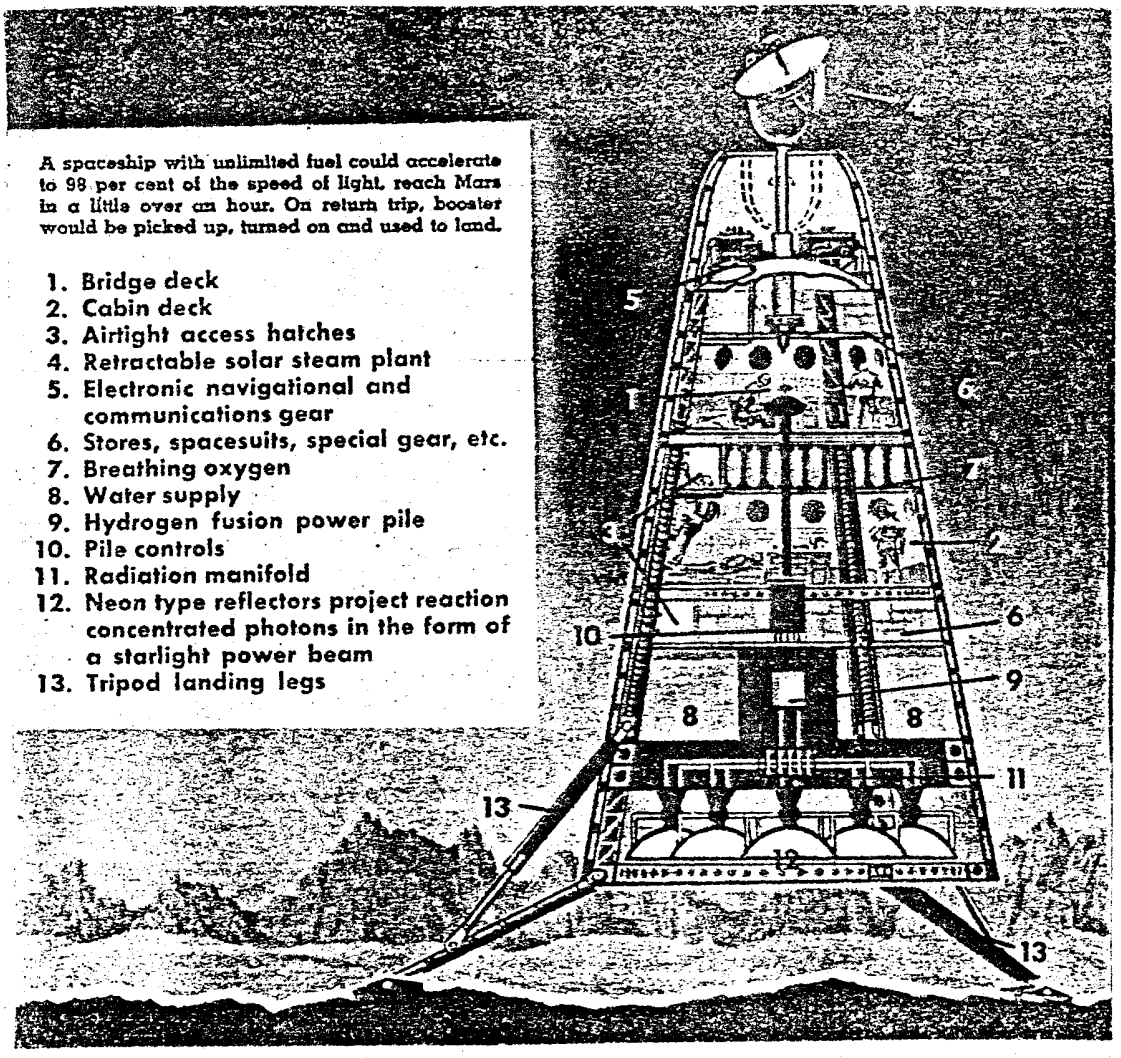
numerals represent sidereal hours from release; diamonds represent intervening half-hours

r ($R_\oplus$)	a ($R_\oplus$)	e	r_a ($R_\oplus$)	P (sid. days)
6.84106	7.67107	0.10820	8.50108	5/4
6.90211	8.00833	0.13813	9.11455	4/3
7.00748	8.66251	0.19106	10.31754	3/2
7.09542	9.29284	0.23646	11.49026	5/3
7.23449	10.4939	0.31060	13.75331	2
7.38410	12.1771	0.39361	16.97004	5/2
7.49134	13.7509	0.45521	20.01040	3



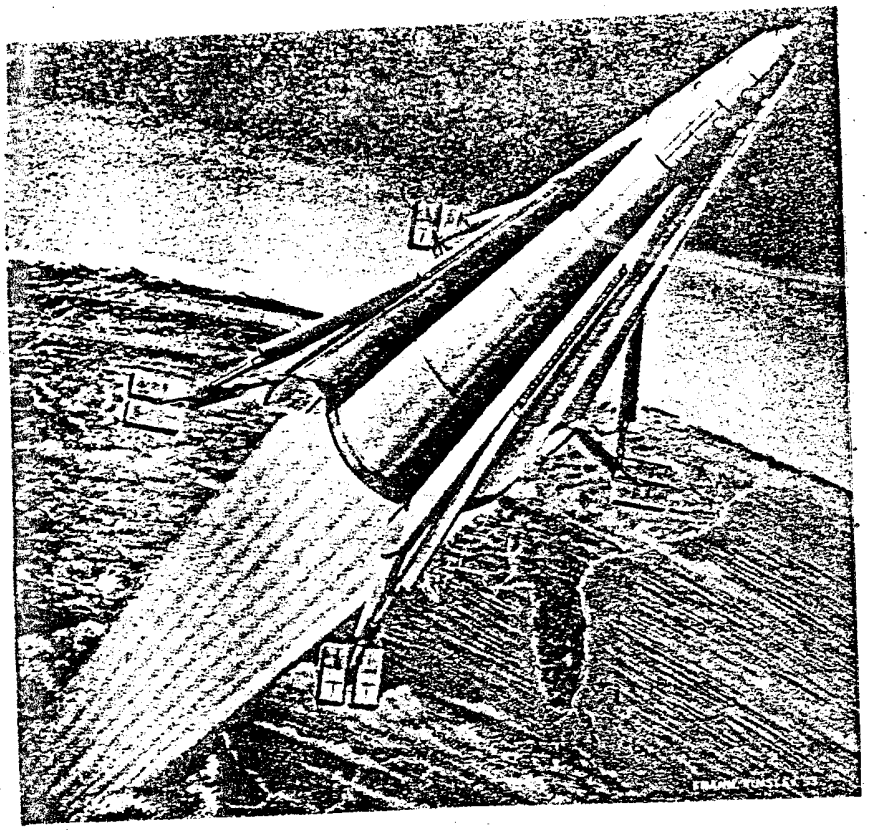
Painting by Jack Coggins, Courtesy, Galaxy Science Fiction

Another space station design is portrayed here as a combination rocketport and astronomical observatory.



A spaceship with unlimited fuel could accelerate to 98 per cent of the speed of light, reach Mars in a little over an hour. On return trip, booster would be picked up, turned on and used to land.

1. Bridge deck
2. Cabin deck
3. Airtight access hatches
4. Retractable solar steam plant
5. Electronic navigational and communications gear
6. Stores, spacesuits, special gear, etc.
7. Breathing oxygen
8. Water supply
9. Hydrogen fusion power pile
10. Pile controls
11. Radiation manifold
12. Neon type reflectors project reaction concentrated photons in the form of a starlight power beam
13. Tripod landing legs



On the left is shown the author's conception of one of the possible inventions of man in the incredible future. This is a hydrogen-fusion powered photon space vehicle designed for interplanetary flight.

Artist's concept of space ark shows it built into a tremendous meteor hollowed out for the purpose. But actually, it will be constructed much more scientifically.

Painting by Alex Schomburg. Courtesy, Science-Fiction Plus

POLES OF ORDER 1 --

RED-PLANET RAMBLE: I arrived in Chicago the evening before Windycon and was somewhat concerned because the weather was so pleasant. But, sure enough, Friday morning was quite cool and rainy; the dampness and chill persisted through the weekend, thereby preserving a tradition of at least four years' standing.

I agree with you about the deterioration of courtesy at conventions. I was helping to clean up one of the movie halls at Noreascon as a favor to friends on the movie staff. The griping, growling and general grumpiness on the part of many people, when I asked them politely to leave the ballroom for about half an hour, was very disturbing. Not all of the nastiness came from pre-adolescents...

I doubt that parapsychology will ever attain the status of a "science." If "subjective" elements really do enter strongly into the expression of psionic abilities, then one is confronted with largely non-reproducible phenomena. (I'm chopping out more of what I was going to say, since Bill-Aytch and others already said it last time, I see.) It is difficult to conduct systematic measurements when no one is able to say exactly what "psionic ability" is. James Randi's book, The Magic of Uri Geller, provides a good idea of the problems encountered in such studies, some due to the test subject himself in this case.

COVER: Here's one of us who's made a start on the Concordance. Is this Speaker-to-Concoms?

NORTHERN WASTES: 110 miles from the nearest McDonalds?! CIVILIZATION!!

I've not seen anything yet about this "room-temperature superconductor" in Science News, which is rather odd considering the potential significance of this development, if it is true. For the present, I believe this matter acquires the status of such inventions as the "Ovshinsky effect" or "polywater."

CHAPTER 2, PAGE 8: I just finished the Stine articles in Destinies #5 and #6; they are decently written and somewhat plausible (if a bit self-congratulatory). I disagree with his statement that Einstein's work "appears to deny us the stars" and with his conspiracy theory about the suppression of experimental results that seem to "contradict" relativity theory (it is possible and mediocre, dogmatic physicists may not want to be bothered with apparent contradictions, but I doubt there is organized resistance).

It should be borne in mind that Einstein made very little appeal to experiment and built his ideas more upon esthetic principles than anything else. Experiment was only needed to select among various possible mathematical structures, in his view. Another point is that science, since Galileo, has developed in part by choosing which minor effects to ignore in initial theories. Galileo would have been unable to propound a theory of ballistics at that time if he had included considerations of air resistance and "Coriolis force." Kepler would have been totally lost if he had been aware of the mutual gravitational perturbations of the planets on each other's orbits.

I think also that physics, as a human endeavor, is still reeling a bit from the implications of general relativity and that most physicists are not quite ready to contend with a third-order approximation to mechanical behavior (following Aristotle, Newton and Einstein). There has been some speculation about a possible separation of inertia from mass; I'll see what I can dig up. The field is wide open for interested investigators, although the money might not be available... What I'm wondering about is, if Stine's description is correct, what keeps the protons and neutrons travelling together in a relativistic cosmic ray particle?

HOLLERITH YOU NEED HELP: I enjoyed your review of "popular" science magazines. Personally, I think Science News is the only one worth the money to someone with a technical background. Omni suffers from the attendant difficulties of trying to be all things to all readers; moreover, their UFO coverage is frequently irresponsible: they still run as fact incidents which the hoaxsters themselves discredited fifteen years ago. Discover has lotsa pretty pictures, but isn't terribly substantial; still, any magazine that runs Sidney Harris' cartoons has something going for it.

I managed to miss you at Windycon, except to say little more than "howdy" and "s'long." I doubt GT will continue to be afflicted with respectability when the Hyatt finds out who mist-ified their fountains...

ASTAIRE WAY TO THE STARS: I will simply say that I doubt anything resembling genuine equality of opportunity (the only "equality" a society can actually provide) between men and women will appear until biological considerations can be minimized. The Industrial Revolution and advancing technology had as much to do with the emergence of the "womens' movement" as the idealism of humanists. Future developments may bring us yet closer.

I agree that the radicals should be kept in the background: fanatics can be more destructive to the advancement of a movement than any opposition. I fail to understand why the term "feminism" is used when what is desired is "egalitarianism." No people should set the needs and wishes of one subset of humanity above those of all others: what is required is balance, not dominance. (*bah* Enough politics...)

I wonder how I managed to get your page 6 the first time if so many others didn't?

YLEM PAGLIACCI: In this ish, Skeffington discovers the ditto "pizza cutter"...

I want to thank you folks again for inviting me to the Asimov luncheon. Next time I'll bring a larger crowbar. It might have been a bit nicer if the Good Doctor hadn't been preoccupied with so many other things, but I guess that's the price you pay when a few tens of thousands of people would like to speak to you... (By the way, did you see him shoot his father back in Russia on NOVA?)

TECHIE-APA TACITLY TWIRLING, LIKE TERRA: The only thing that irritated me about the PBS coverage of Voyager-Saturn was hearing Soderblom and Smith shooting their mouths off authoritatively about what the unreduced data means. Planetary missions shouldn't be handled like sportscasts.

According to my extrapolations, the planet Pluto and you will disappear about the same time...

I'll see what I can find out about protesting subliminal advertising practices. As far as I know, they are not actually illegal. From what I've heard about subliminal techniques in cinema and in commercials, they're not particularly effective, either. (It's rather like hypnosis: the desire to perform an act must already be present.)

POLES OF ORDER 2 --

COHERENT WRITING: To continue your list of word-manglings, "unique" now means "unusual" ("the most unique driving experience"), "crescendo" means "climax" ("it built to a mighty crescendo"), "apocalypse" means "destruction," and "perfection" means "excellence." The prefix "super-" doesn't mean much of anything anymore (there are no mere movie "stars"). An entertaining and depressing account of linguistic abuse and devaluation can be found in Edwin Newman's books, Strictly Speaking and A Civil Tongue.

Us "terminally confused" by your allusions? See here, young fellow, some of us latched onto Firesign Theatre when you were being fitted for your first pair of inflatable shoes!

I think I've finally pinned down one of the postal bottlenecks as the St. Louis distribution center. Every apology I've received for loss or destruction of packages has been from St. Louis. As for a replacement copy of QS 7, GTB has all the leftovers; ask her nicely or otherwise write me and I'll pull another Xerox.

CHAPTER 2, PAGE 8: I believe APA-TECH is approaching a steady-state condition in any case -- so much for exponential extrapolations (although it occurs to me that I could have noted on my graph that tirades will diverge to infinity before 1990...).

The Medved Brothers, in their Golden Turkey Awards, go into loving detail about all aspects of Plan 9, winner of their readers' poll as "The Worst Film of All Time." Harry Medved plans a biography of the late Edward Wood, Jr., declared "The Worst Director of All Time" and who was responsible for that mess.

INCORRECT: Thank you for the additional "laws." I am contemplating the introduction of a new physical constant: it is a length of about 100 meters and represents the closest possible approach to a green traffic light before it turns red.

I'm not so sure the space program still wants "laundered" personalities. There was an item in Newsweek some weeks back about a husband-and-wife team of Shuttle astronauts. NASA now seems to be after people with a fair amount of initiative and self-reliance. Granted that the government wants responsible individuals, but they also want such persons to be able to make their own decisions, particularly in a crisis when advice from home may come too late. (OK, so they won't be barnstorming, Han Solo-types.) Otherwise, electromechanical robots would be cheaper to send up than flesh-and-blood ones...

HOLLERITH YOU NEED HELP: Gee, Keith, drawing tic marks isn't hard, after the first three or four hundred...

I, too, have found that I understand some things at work better

than the people who have worked there longer, but some of this is due to people being assigned to tasks for which they have little background. Until recently, our Orbital Dynamics staff consisted of two electrical engineers and a former oceanography student; the fellow I am replacing is finally getting promoted to a job where his education will be far more useful.

KENOSHA AND SPUDNIK: My own belief is that God created this Universe, took a vacation, and left Murphy in charge...

Looks like I wound up saying the same sort of thing to Rod that you said to Doug. I agree that the people who map the brain are a long way from understanding what it's all for (and that "you only use ten percent" line is hooey!).

I wouldn't give up on our generation yet. We're just getting ready to cut loose...

YLEM PAGLIACCI: The strange thing about Cosmos is that I've found technical people to be unanimous in using the word "condescending," but that uninitiated folks were almost universally excited by it. (Wonder how they'd feel if they knew they were being "talked down" to?)

Your remark to Keith about "the glibs" reminded me about your suggestion (or was it Barry's? I always get you two confused...) for The Journal of Hand-waving Arguments. Care to help start it up? (Anyone who suggests that it already exists as QS will cause me to toss my head indignantly and stalk out of the room, only returning to retrieve my head sometime later.)

I guess we already discussed the rest of this stuff at Confusion...

LEPORINE LATENESS: THAT does it! When I have to explain my cover to Higgins and you start asking about English muffins...

Perfect? Well, I will be 28 this May...

TACITLY TWIRLING: I don't think there is conservation of Hs in the Universe: about 3% have been transmuted into heavier elements.

OK, enough! Between you and Higgins... "The Usual Electromagnetism Jokes." There, now we may dismiss them, and move on.

I am appalled to hear of the "thinkability" of nuclear war or the feasibility of fighting a major conventional war. Surely there are better things to do with our diminishing material resources. I am not convinced that any contemporary industrial nation can survive the economic aftermath of a large war. One thing that worries me about the development of extraterrestrial mining is that it might make wars "affordable" again. Little would please me more than to see the military price itself out of a job. As for a global nuclear war, the subsequent poisoning of the biosphere and the climatic effects would lead to us kissing off the planet Earth, and the human race with it, within a couple of centuries.

I'm not obsessively worried about the Soviets. I suspect that if we can stand them off for another twenty years, their own internal problems will drag them under. We'll see who attends whose funeral... (*ugh* more politics)

The immediate origination for the line "Fear and Loathing at/in..." comes from Hunter Thompson's "gonzo journalism" articles on contemporary American life. The earliest reference I know of is to the work Fear and Loathing by the Danish philosopher Sören Aabye Kierkegaard. (I had to read it for a class, but either the

translation was awful or he really did like to write in incomprehensible sentences with multiply-nested clauses. Danish is a disease of the throat, anyway...)

WU & FABRICANT: The networks are already aware that the ratings system is disintegrating and that aiming at the "lowest common denominator" to boost ratings is only getting them an audience of twelve-year-olds. It is expected that, by 1990, the American television audience will be very diverse and also older on the average (you haven't been having your 2.5 kids, have you?). Programming will have to adjust accordingly, which is why the networks are presently investigating and investing in cable television.

* * *

I note in the 31 January Science News that the Space Telescope Science Institute has been awarded to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, confirming some rumors I'd heard. They will be linked from there to the Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, where the Telescope's control center will be. They expect to get the instrument in orbit by early 1985. Perhaps it is not too early for me to sned out some feelers...

I just counted pages and decided I'd better lay this issue to rest. I'm looking forward to seeing most of you quite a bit (in more ways than one) over the next five weeks. Green boards!

Space Age Introductions

CONVERSING COAST TO COAST—Passers-by at New York's Lincoln Center, *above*, were startled one night recently when they discovered they were able to see, hear and talk with people 3,000 miles away, almost as if they were standing on the same street corner. In front of them was a screen with life-size images of people at the Century Square shopping center in Los Angeles. At the same time, the New York images were being televised to California. Western Union's Westar satellite system provided the two-way connections for this unusual project involving people-to-people communication.

And what did they do? The L.A. people chuckled at the N.Y.C. folks in their winter coats; the Easterners gaped at the Californians in T-shirts; they asked each other about the weather a lot; someone who'd been rehearsing at Lincoln Center appeared in a tuxedo to belt out "I love New York" and "N.Y.C."; L.A. countered with The Singing Flowerman, cart and all; and so it went. Allegedly, a distillation of all this will appear on PBS sometime soon.

(Oh yeah, and one guy in New York recognized someone in Los Angeles who owed him ten bucks...)

Wednesday, December 10, 1980/THE COURIER-NEWS

'God' seeks admission to Princeton University

By TOM COTT
Courier-News Staff Writer

PRINCETON — Princeton University receives thousands of applications for admission each year, but few are as creative as one recently received by the admissions office.

The applicant's name? "God."

On the application form, the candidate for admission to the class of 1985 gave "B.C." as date of birth and checked both male and female in response to the question concerning sex.

"God" lists perfect 800 scores on both the math and verbal portions of the prerequisite Scholastic Aptitude Tests, although on two other tests, the applicant did not fare as well.

On the biology achievement test, "God" explains his 770 score by saying, "I was marked wrong on the evolution question." And on a physics achievement exam, "God" notes he "was marked wrong on the relativity question," resulting in a grade of 760.

Asked to list principal non-academic activities, "God" reports spending 168 hours each week "arranging weather" and the same amount of time "listening to prayers." The candidate also said he spends 14 hours a week "turning day into night" as well as an additional 14 hours doing just the reverse.

As an explanation of how his past two summers were spent, "God" said that in 1980 he "caused eruption of Mount St. Helens," and in 1979 he confessed to "world-sitting."

In answer to a question regarding specific career plans, the applicant replied he wants "to redeem all humanity."

An application for financial aid accompanied the admission papers, explaining the candidate's special dilemma in meeting the high cost of an Ivy League education.

"I do not know if I even have parents," wrote "God," "so naturally I cannot expect them to contribute anything to my education. Having no physical body, I am unable to work, and furthermore, if I took a job, it would take a job away from someone who undoubtedly needs it more than I do."

"With no source of income, and not qualifying for federal or state funds, I will need financial aid to attend Princeton," "God" explained.

In the "personal statement," a 500-word essay required of all candidates for admission, the applicant wrote: "Since people like to think of me in different ways and all are correct, it would be inappropriate for me to describe myself, my values or my ideals, but I would like to explain why I wish to attend Princeton.

"It does not seem right to me to listen in on courses when I do not attend and have not been admitted," "God" continued. "I am quite sure I will be able to attend without causing too much commotion on campus, and I look forward to an opportunity to match wits with some of this nation's brightest youth."

The application was signed with the Hebrew characters for Jehovah.

In releasing information regarding the unusual application, admissions Director James Wickenden said he realized he probably was violating some federal privacy statute, but he thought that "in this case particularly, it would be appropriate to be responsive to a higher law."

Wickenden said there are no plans to process the application.

Q: Are you related to an alumnus of this University?

A: My uncle Al worked at the Institute for Advanced Studies for twenty years...

Gee, I didn't know Sören Kierkegaard wrote bills for the New Jersey legislature...

"No State officer or employee, nor any special State officer or employee, nor any person, as defined in this section, nor any member of the immediate family of any State officer or employee, special State officer or employee, or person, nor any partnership, firm or corporation with which any such State officer or employee or person is associated or in which he has an interest, nor any partner, officer, director or employee while he is associated with such partnership firm, or corporation, shall hold, directly or indirectly, an interest in, or hold employment with, or represent, appear for, or negotiate on behalf of, any holder of, or applicant for, a casino license, or any holding or intermediary company with respect thereto, in connection with any cause, application, or matter; nor shall any partnership, firm or corporation with which any such special State officer or employee is associated or in which he has an interest nor any partner, officer, director, or employee while he is associated with such partnership, firm, or corporation, hold, directly or indirectly, an interest in, or hold employment with, or represent, appear for, or negotiate on behalf of, any holder of, or applicant for, a casino license in connection with any cause, application or matter, or any holding or intermediary company with respect to such holder of, or applicant for, a casino license in connection with any phase of casino development, permitting, licensure or any other matter whatsoever related to gambling activity."

THERE'S A LIGHT AT THE END OF THE DARKNESS

Donna Struwe's zine brought to you from a new address:
4720 N. Lincoln Ave #2R Chicago IL 60625
(my semi-permanent home which is really only a rest-stop on my way to Isher)

Things must be getting better - any year that starts out as well as this one (i.e. Ishercon) has got to turn out o.k. Many thanks to the House of Isher for a wonderful party/con. Leaving is always a bummer, but it was nice while it lasted.

First, mailing comments on AT#9.

555 times -- I will vote yes on Dick's proposal. It seems to be the best anyone's come up with, so we can try it for a while and see if it works out. If not we'll just have to try something else//

Spacecom, NY -- Welcome to the Apa!!//Raebnc.

Transporter Topics -- If it is important to know how much you love someone, how do you tell? If you only compare it to past loves, and you've had a bad or non-existant love life, it won't tell you much. That's one of my problems. I know how I feel, or think I feel, but there's nothing I have to compare that to.

What...tookie...George? -- I think that there are some things you should not share with the one you love. For instance, past loves and lovers. Letting him/her know about them is fine, but dwelling on all the 'wonderful moments you had together' might cause slight twinges of insecurity (i.e. if there's something that you know would hurt the one you love, why tell them for the sake of honesty if it doesn't matter? If it won't make any difference if they don't find out, why hurt them by saying it just to share something?) And then there are feelings that I have that I can't share with anyone, simply because I can't explain them.//Re yr ct Renee -- I agreeethat there is no shame in wanting to be a housewife. The idea suits me quite well. I've never really wanted a career - ajob, fine, but not a career. Not something to compete with my friends for my time and attention. And Tullio seems to have hit on a nice solution - working at something he likes, with friends. I am fervently hoping it will work out well for me when I move in. In theory, from what Tullio's told me, it will be close to perfect (or, if nothing else, a lot closer than I am now). But what looks good in theory doesn't always work in practice. But maybe it will work. I intend to do as much as I can to make the theories reality. I know it'll be hard work, but I think the results will be well worth it.

Real Time Operator -- Welcome back, and I hope you stay for the next six years and beyond.

Telephone Bill's -- Re yr ct -- yes, I agree, it was a bad idea. (I shouldn't have printed it in the apa.) At the time, I either didn't thinkof, or wasn't concerned about, all the repercussions (and I will never print my favorite nasty letter here....)

There's a light . . . con't.

It only hertz -- re yr ct me -- the romantic approach may be more fun but I sometimes like to look at things (my relationships with people) objectively. I'm a hopeless romanic and tend to follow my feelings. But later I try to logically figure out why I did certain things.

Incorrect thoughts -- Congratulations (?) on your new job - how's it going?

Ten O'Clock Squalor -- Re yr ct me -- No I guess I didn't say much about the Rockies. But when I wake up in the morning to hear a rushing mountain stream, and see mountains all around me, I always feel kind of awed, and there's not much I can say. Colorado is my favorite part of the country (though I must admit I haven't seen too much else) and I'd love to live there someday.

Meromorphic Mallomar -- Raebnc.

Dr. Gonzo -- re yr ct Rolf -- What do you mean we needed someone from Michigan? What about Marty? Re yr ct me -- "Pandora's Box"? Well, I figured if I was going to try to start a discussion/possible debate, it should be on a subject I'm interested in. I really enjoy hearing other people's views on what's "right" and "wrong" to do in a relationship (i.e. flirting, getting intimate, loving, etc.)

Smith's Corona -- Raebnc.

Boy is it a mistake to miss an issue -- so much to comment on AT#10.

Guy -- Welcome to the Apa. Unusual introduction. I looked at it and immediately thought "I filled out one of those onde." Yes, I work at a McDonald's.

Dave -- re yr ct me -- I'm sometimes not sure if my feelings toward love are positive. I try to keep them positive, and at present time Tullio is helping me to do just that. But until recently the subject of love depressed me somewhat.

Rolf -- Raebnc.

Marty -- re "not enough San Francisco" -- Linda asks "How many more cardboard cut-puts douyou want?'// How're you doing with your computer language? The name sounds pretty good. (Yes, I looked it up.)

Valli -- Boy, only one page this time. Ah, well - we all have our months. After all, I didn't have anything last issue.

Keith -- I may not be the first to leave home, but I'm the first to do so against my parents' wishes. But I've decided this will be best for me and for Tullio. Right now that's pretty impoptant to me.// It was great to see you again at I sher.

Misha -- Happy (belated) birthday.// Missed you at the New Years party.// Re yr ct me -- What makes one mature to the point of adulthood? And who decides when you've reached that point?

There's a light . . . con't.

Renee -- I'm not sure if it was my fault, but if it was, Valli was right- I really did open a Pandora's box - 3 pages on love.// You say that college was a growing experience for you. From talking to others, it seems many people feel that way. I think it may be that fandom is a growing experience rather than college. I feel I've grown a lot since entering fandom. I'm fairly certain that I wouldn't be much different than I was 3 years ago if I hadn't met all the wonderful people who've become some fo my closest friends.// I may not be taking total tesponsibility for my life by moving in, bub I will certainly be taking more responsibility than I can while living at home. I think that right now I might need to live in a cushioned environment.

As you may be able to tell from my collophon, I have a new address. Roxanne Maida and I were talking and after suggesting we ger an apartment together, 3 weeks later, I find myself in a new home, We're a little short on furniture at the moment, but we're trying to remedy that. The biggest problemis that for some unknown reason we didn't get a refrigerator (we now have one - RM). Other than these minor details, it's pretty nice. Going from living with four people and two dogs (in a veritable closet - RM) to one person and a cat is an easier change than I anticipated. But then, I've only been here a week, and I've had quite a bit on my mind.

Many thanks to Bill for the flowers. They're beautiful. And they add a specially sweet reminder of the wonderful friends I have.

--- Here's the end of Donna's zine. ---

Having just spent the past two hours typing this thing (on Alice's mother's wonderful Selectric II) I feel I can add my two cents' worth and make this a legitimate three pages.

As already related, Donna and I have an apartment to-gether. My life has gone through what is best described as an upheaval, if not Infinite Improbability Drive. Six weeks ago I was living a mild mannered life in Urbana and now here I am in Chicago with someone I met barely a month ago. It's different, but I cna handle it, although I couldn't handle McDonald's (too mundane) and am currently unemployed. I think I'm almost getting used to this floating lifestyle. Like, I know that in six months I will be reaching yet another turning point, because Donna is Isher-bound. What I'll do then is still in negotiation. What I'd LIKE to do is go to Kazoo and make blinky guns, but there's this problem of space, both physical and emotional. So que sera, sera.

Everytime my world does one of these shifts, I find muself a little nearer to that ideal of Knowing What I Want And How To Get It, but a little farther from achieving the ideal legally. I have recently found myself really loving a whole lot of people and yet being jnable to really show it. For one reason or another, comeing out and saying "I love you" is in each case unacceptable, yet it seems nore and more necessary. At ConFusion, I learned of the death of one of my former lovers in an accident. Ththe time it seemed rather o.k., not to bother me too much. But since then... It has made me feel how really mortal we allare and how time shouldn't be wasted deluding ourselves and we should really follow our deepest desires and emotions. We should work to make those around us as happy as we can, for they may not be here tomorrow.

Roxanne's P.S. -- con't

Yet this is often easier said than done. Too often it requires letting fo, letting someone we love go off without us, so that he may find himself. Somehow it should be all right to actively love, to care for and share our experiences, good, bad or questionable, with thise we love, no matter how many we love, or which gender, or even which species. Loving many people is the highest ideal humans can aspire to.

Practically - emotionally - really - often these are contradictory. Emotionally all I want or need is found in GT. To bury myself in the love I find there is the most wonderful thing I can do. And practically it's not such a bad idea either because almost everyone in the group can help me by teacyhing me things about the world and supporting me when I need it. Thank you all so much.

But the mores of the "real world" - and even some of GT - truncate the true joy possible. They say I must love one and only one for the rest of my life. How can I do that? How can I choose anly one for ever and ever when everyone is so beautiful in their own right and I want to know and understand everyone? So what if it's not possible, I can try can't I?

Thank you Alice, Mike, Kris, Donna, Tullio, Alex, Todd, Al, Bob, Chris, Cecile, Bill, Bill, DAve, Guy, Lori, Dan, Charlie, everyone for being who you are and helping me through the various hard times of my life. I will appreciate it forever and do all I can to return it.

Maybe this isn't the sort of thing that should be printed for general consumption, but it needed to be said, and I too oftenn can't choke the words out in person.

Anyway. Our newphone number is (312) 275-8809. The address is in the collophon. We like to get mail. WE like to get phone calls. We even like visitors. Bring food and we will welcome you with open arms. (We may anyway, but food always helps when you're starving like we are.)

One mailing comment - Jon Singer in (I think)- AT#9 had the best paragraph I've ever seen on the subject of jealousy. It is our own insecurity that makes us wish to bind others to our wills.

I think this is enough for one time. Maybe more next month, but Tullio wants to take this back to Kalamazoo with him Sunday night, so I have to stop. Roxanne.

BIBLIOTECH

...is a zine for APA-TECH from Jon Singer, whose address is

5116 Williams Fork Trail #110
Boulder CO 80301

Typed on 1980 XII 29. Information of colophonic value:

Typer: Redactron modified I/O Selectric
E-stencils: AB Dick 'Mimeofax' model KD (about 20 yrs old- all tubes. Very crazy.)
Repro: Gestetner 366 (with paper jogging)

Please note that the E-stenciller is a very recent acquisition and I am still getting used to it. Repro quality is not to be taken as final.

Someone inquired about my previous title (A Licorice Bazooka)*. You wanna know, ya read Gravity's Rainbow. I promise ya dat ya'll find out before page 150.

Someone else wanted to know about jello lasers.

Ingredients:

1 Nitrogen laser (at least 50kw. Serves as pump.)
1 package Knox unglavored gelatin
hot water (see directions on gelatin box.)
10 (or more) milligrams Disodium Fluorescein

optional: 1/8 tsp transparent dishwashing liquid

Method:

Mix water thoroughly with gelatin. Stir in Fluorescein, dish liquid. Mix until uniform, being careful not to foam. Pour into bowl or dish, allow to settle a bit, chill in refrigerator. When thoroughly set, pump by focussing Nitrogen laser onto surface. (See diagram)

Notes:

Unfortunately, the birefringence of the jello makes this a mediocre laser, but it is cute nonetheless. The original reference is by Theodore Hänsch and Arthur Schawlow, probably in '72 or so, and is most likely in IEEE Journal of Quantum Electronics or perhaps Applied Physics Letters. (It's been a while, and I'm fuzzy on it. Title was something like "First Edible Laser")

Anyone who is interested in constructing the first ingredient is welcome to clamor for a recipe for that as well.

*OOPS. THAT WAS SOMEONE ELSE'S. AH, WELL...

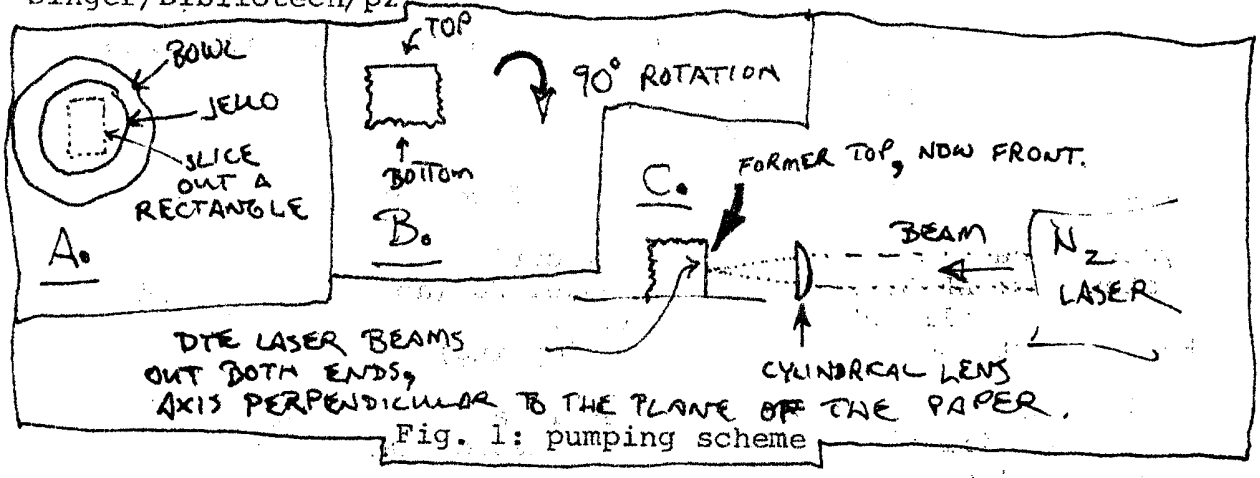


Fig. 1: pumping scheme

Nu, Keith Thorne asks am I the Jon Singer of song and legend. ...ask me after I catch op wit' da bozo what writ da song...

Seriously, though, I would advise you to ask Fred Haskell, only I know what he would tell you. Perhaps Gordon Garb will consent to furnish some enlightenment in these very pages. I should not say anything myself.

* * * * *

Notable events of recent past dept:

21 December: Today I was bitten by a Burmese Python.

Those of you who think that's funny are absolutely correct. (It was a mere babe, about three feet long, very nervous... tried to gum me to death. Hve you ever seen a Burmese Python? They are extremely pretty. Stupid, though.)

M. Beth Komor is visiting from Minneapolis (she was bitten, too); Beth owns two baby boas (much more even-tempered than the python: never get nervous.) which are the offspring of a mated pair owned by a chap named Ira Solomon and his son. We went and visited Ira not too long ago, and got to play with his red-knee tarantula and with the snakes. (If you insist upon playing with tarantulas, take the red-knee. They are so even-tempered it's ridiculous.) These boas are fairly young (about 8 years old) and quite friendly, as boas in fact tend to be. Still, it gets a bit unnerving when a device 11 feet long puts a turn of itself around your neck. (The snake is so thick in the middle that it was actually unable to put a full turn on my neck. More like a collar, actually. Still made it hard to breathe.) Sucker weighs 50 pounds, too. Anyway, we sat down on the couch at Ira's, each of us with a snake, and drank ginger ale. The snakes rapidly went to sleep. Inasmuch as they don't have any eyelids, the only way to tell is ~~that they snore~~ that they stop moving, and stop flicking their little tongues out (that's how they smell. Their noses are mostly for infrared sensing, unless I am much mistaken.) We spent a

pleasant half hour or so sitting there, patting the snakes.

Rolf Wilson: I think I can agree with you about the "is there magic" and "are there so-called 'psychic powers'" questions not being one and the same. After all, if they are the same, we've wasted a word. Let's use the words differently, so as to broaden the scope of our discussion rather than narrowing it. I also like your different definitions. Let me propose, however, a possible cute problem: does it take psychic powers to be able to control magic? (hee hee)

As to the queens, YECCHH! I did the 8 queens on a chessboard in BASIC as an exercise in modeling. It was amusing, but not enthralling. The 3-dimensional version looks horrendous.

Renee: Spelling correction: Entomology is the study of insects, and Etymology is the study of words. I leave it to you to define "Entymology". By the way: ask Jeff to show you the reply I wrote to that editorial of his. I can do better now, but I don't think I did too badly then.

Biblioi: (I don't know Greek, so that's probably wrong.)

Gödel, Escher, Bach: Douglas R. Hofstadter. Now out in paper.--Hofstadter is going to take over the Mathematical Games column, and has his first effort in the January issue. (of Scientific American, if you miss the reference.) I advise you all to check it out: it is hysterical.

Structured Design: Constantine and Yourdon. (I forget the publisher.) This expensive little gem ($21) is apparently DAMN GOOD.

Frogs Into Princes: Grinder and Bandler; edited by John O. Stevens. Real People Press, PO Box F., Moab, UT 84532 $4.50, paper. This is a book about Neuro-Linguistic Programming, which has nothing to do with computers. They call it that because people have nervous systems, Grinder used to be a linguist, and Bandler used to be a comp-sci type. It is available in some bookstores. Lovely Elizabeth Malczynski cover (whereupon hangs a tale: the editor, John O. Stevens, is also the publisher, and he reads The Stuff. Saw Malczynski covers on a couple of Anne McCaffrey books, so he called her on the phone and asked her to do the one for Frogs. You will observe a dragon on the back...) I found this book immensely amusing, and more. In fact, I am now in the middle of NLP training, which is something of a surprise even to me. If you want to know more, ask either me or Gordon Garb.

Laws of Form: G. Spencer-Brown. I haven't even started this one yet, but it is definitely Something Else.

I need to take this opportunity to thank Gordon Grab (hee hee) for franking this through for me, Garb bless 'im. I also want to thank him for inviting me to his house last Sunday for the incredible Sushi party. Shlurp!

Hmmm: I forgot my own previous title. "Horrid Quotidian Ague" is also to be found in Gravity's Rainbow, about a page away from the Licorice Bazooka.

Renee again: I think you can make changes a lot more quickly and easily than past experience would lead you to believe. (That, in fact, is a good half of what NLP is about.) If you don't believe me, read Frogs into Princes, and then ask me to do some NLP with you some time. For that matter, ask anyone who has done extensive amounts of NLP, either as a therapist or as a client. (If you don't believe them, you can always find out first-hand for yourself.) /// In re your CT Tookie: are you QUITE SURE that even though people are capable of sustaining two levels of relationship at once, they must achieve one first? "Part of being someone's lover is that you keep secrets from [them]." I DON'T LIKE THAT. We all keep secrets from everyone, so I don't think it is particularly a part of being someone's lover. Moreover, if you make it a part, specifically, I think you are looking for trouble. Wanna debate that? My position is that any relationship involves communication, and particularly in a love relationship, if you restrict the communication, you are limiting the relationship. Same holds for friends. Many of us do this deliberately (if not consciously) to control the intensity/closeness of the relationship, but the effect is to reduce the amount of feedback that you give the other person, and I think we should all be well aware of that fact. (Anybody able to/care to challenge that?)

...Xott. I am almost out of room, and definitely out of time. I cannot become a member of this apa, so I would like to ask that you address comments to me in letters. I know that is a bit presumptuous, but I doubt that I will be able to do many more of these zines, so you may find that comments to me here don't get answers. Of course, Gordon could always furnish the answers....

Cheers

Please forgive typos...

SPECIAL EMERGENCY PAGE FIVE!!!

Friends, I am in deep shit. I have run out of money, and it is now the 5th of January. Therefore, I am willing to sell the following item, if anyone is interested in buying it:

one (1) each Ohio Scientific (OSI) Superboard II computer, having 8KB RAM, Microsoft BASIC in ROM, 5V @ 3A power supply, and, if necessary, 12 inch black-and-white monitor. Also appropriate manuals. (I have, somewhere, the full Sams Photofact on this device, and if I find it, the buyer will get it. Inasmuch as it is 7 or 8 bucks to buy the Photofact, this is nontrivial.)
The OSI Superboard II is a board, supplied with no case and no power supply (still no case, but I have attached a supply), 4KB RAM (they sharge you about $60 for the other 4K, which I have already added anyway, so you don't have to), and a place on the board for an RS-232 interface, for which I have inserted some of the components. The thing also has a built-in cassette interface, and comes with a cassette that has a couple games on it, and maybe some other stuff. (I haven't played with this machine for a while, as I loaned it to some friends in Seattle. This means that if someone buys it, it will go to them UPS, Blue Label if possible, from Seattle, with the exception of the monitor. If a monitor is required, either I will tell you where to buy a decent one, cheap, or I will furnish one.) Machine uses 6502 processor.

The asking price is $350 without a monitor, or a little more with one. (Small monitors tend to cost about $80. Maybe a bit less, if you extreme luckout type.) Please note that the Superboard II new price, with only 4KB RAM, and no power supply, is $300, the last time I check. That was a few months ago, and I oon't know what it is now. Also, the RS-232 components I add to board are missing in standerd-issue machine. (If you are nuts, I can teach you how to do RS-422 instead.)

Anyway, there it is. If you want it, or if you know of anyone who would want it, please put them or y'self in touch with me AASAP. (Absolutely As Soon As Etc.) If you insist on using it with a TV set, by the way, I would perhaps furnish a modulator board, if pressed. Warning: the Superboard puts out a 24-lines-of-23-characters screen, smaller than most other machines. Of course, the characters are bigger to fill all that space. Also note: OSI have expansion chassis available, brings machine up to max of 32KB, with 5-1/4 inch floppy. (Expansion chassis without floppy was $300 also, last time I checked.)

SPECIAL EXTRA PAGE SIX (!)

This is page 6 of BIBLIOTECH, typed on 1981 I 16, in TECO running on a PDP-11/34 (under RSTS/E), printed on an oldish Printronix printer, and duped on crummy Saxon copier.

EDIBLE LASER UPDATE: 1. I have found the original reference:

Hansch, T.W.; Pernier, M.; Schawlow, A.L.:
Laser Action of Dyes in Gelatin
IEEE Journal of Quantum Electronics,
January 1971, pp 45-6

(I can't find the "Volume QE-blah" thing at the top of the page, so you'll just have to get along with month and pagenumbers.)

2. There are a few differences (in 10 years, a small amount of forgetfulness can be forgiven.)

A. First, they mixed fluorescein into one packet of Knox gelatin and 16 oz. hot water, per instructions of mfr. This worked.
B. Then they made thin coatings on glass slides (presumably microscope slides). This also worked.
C. Then they tried Rhodamine B. It worked fine.
D. There are some dyes which lase in alcohol, but not in water; for these, they made jello with glycerin instead of water (it was here that they mentioned hecto...I swear, it's true.) by the following method:

Soak 1 part gelatin in twice its volume of warm water for 1 hour; then melt at 50 degrees C with about 3 parts of glycerin at 50 degrees. (dissolve the dye in the glycerin first.) Chill and serve.

Dyes and concentrations (not optimized):

Rhodamine B: 60mg / 50ml Gly.
Rhodamine 6G: same
Fluorescein: 50 / 50
4-Methyl-Umbelliferone: 30 / 50
standard coumarin: 30 / 50
(Fluorescein as disodium salt. The particular coumarin was 7-Diethylamino-4-Methyl-Coumarin.)
They obtained output powers about the same as those from liquid solutions.
E. Then they noted that "detergents" can help prevent dimerization of Rh 6G in solution, so they added about 1.7% Pink Lotion Trend (I swear, these people are nuts!) to a waterbased gel, and it lased even when they didn't focus the Nitrogen laser.
F. Then they tried Wratten filters, and types 22 and 29 lased like crazy with focused Nitrogen laser pump...

What all this means is that if you can get the correct gels from stage lighting stuff, they will probably lase, even if plastic instead of real "gel". There you have it.

◆gc◆

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[editorial ramblings]

Hello there from the land of the lost. I have been reviewing my past few months, and I notice that I haven't included APATECH in those plans. (The last two sentences introduced the first paragraph in my latest SLANAPA contribution, so I don't want to seem like I've singled out this particular apa to minac). I realize that all I ever seem to be doing in these things is apologising for being all but invisible, and promising to be better next issue. Well, I'm not going to make any promises here. I'll just do what I can. I do enjoy reading the apa when I get it; it just seems like it's never around again when I feel like getting around to mailing comments.

[entropy patterns]

Life has been fairly normal these last few months. Of a fannish nature, I have attended four conventions this fall. Of that number, I very much enjoyed one of them, Bubonicon, had a good time at KingKon, was bored by MileHiCon, and loathed NorEasCon. I very much resented the amount of money that the Worldcon cost me, and if it weren't in Denver next year, and if I hadn't been working on it since 1976, I probably wouldn't go to any more for quite a long time. As it is, I don't really plan to go to Chicago in 82, and 83 looks good only in that I would like a good excuse to go to Australia. I plan to cut my convention travelling way back in 1981, even to the point of having some extra money floating around occassionally that American Express won't have any claim to.

I have done some travelling for Cray this fall, and got to spend a week in San Diego and a week in Los Angeles in November. (Keith - I tried looking in the LA phone book for you, but it didn't cover Culver City, and I didn't remember the name of the city then. I went to LASFS on the Thursday that I was in town; it was the week of the Saturn flyby. You may have noticed that my card on the wall changed slightly. The new one has the correct phone number.) Work is going well, and I am really enjoying working for a small, highly motivated company like Cray. The people that I work with are all tops, and the overall work atmosphere is loose and relaxed.

My apartment is continuing to shape up nicely; I recently rack-mounted my stereo, and set up one of my Cartrivision video tape recorders. Current plans on that front include rackmounting my record collection, and setting up my second bedroom as an electronics lab. I should have some extra bucks available for that in February, and am planning to get very busy then. My record collection now numbers 525 albums, and a few dozen singles. New acquisitions include the first album by the Ogden Edsl Wahalia Blues Ensemble Mondo Bizarrio Band, with their hits 'Dead Puppies' and 'Kinko the Clown', Zenyatta Mondatta by the Police, High Infidelity by REO Speedwagon, and the Mobile Fidelity Sound Labs half-speed mastered version of Abbey Road. My next electronics purchase will either be a Bang & Olufsen 8000 cassette tape recorder, or an RG Labs dynamic range expander. The new B&O tape deck is wonderful, with full random access of the tape, keyed by real time, in seconds. In fact, all of the B&O 8000 series stuff is terrific, including their Beogram 8000 turntable, which obsoletes my six-month old Beogram 4004. Sigh.

[Yer Blues]

The assassination of John Lennon disturbed me very deeply. My initial shock gave way to outrage and a deep sense of loss. Lennon was one of two people who I always wanted to meet who have died in recent memory; Groucho was the other. (Of course, Einstein would have been wonderful to meet, but he died a few months before I came out of the oven.) Anyway, Lennon had given a lot to me in his music, both with the Beatles and as a solo artist, and I felt a sense of debt to him. It is sad to think that a man like him could give so much to so

very many, and yet he couldn't achieve the normal family life that all of us take for granted. How many of us would like to be hounded by autograph seekers and obnoxious fans and leeches wherever we go? The killing has stirred up the whole gun control issue, which I find to be a very distasteful subject to discuss. It is easier to argue religion with a Moonie than to discuss gun control with anyone who believes strongly in either direction. While I think that there are far too many weapons in this country, and it is far too easy to obtain a weapon, I can't realistically say that the idea of the government controlling all guns seems at all practical. What is really needed is to change basic human nature, which I can't see happening for many, many, many years, if ever. Certainly, the NRA contention that all that is needed is more public education makes no sense; how well-educated must you be to know that if you point a gun at someone, and shoot them repeatedly, that they may die? Yet it is true that a strong anti-gun ban would encourage a brisk black market in the weapons, and would probably not affect the situation much. What is really needed is for some action on a societal level; where by establishing certain rules and regulations, everyone would have a deep, firmly-established sense that society considers a gun to be a tool, with a specific set of uses, that must be treated with the respect that one uses with any dangerous tool. A gun should not be a toy, or a recreational object. Should it?

[Food]

Living a scant few miles from Jon Singer these past seven months, I have gotten a whole new awareness of foodstuffs and comestibles. Add to this awareness the fact that Boulder is blessed with a couple of hundred restaurants, of most genders and persuasions, and it is not hard to develop a new consciousness of all of those things that I put in my mouth and masticate. Among these newfound friends is Japanese food; not so much the three-ring-circus type Japanese ala Benihana, but more the authentic native dishes like tempura, sashimi, and sushi. Twice this year, a Japanese friend of mine from Ft. Collins has come down and made sushi for myself and some friends. It was simply wonderful! We had prawn and maguro (tuna) and ono (a Hawaiian fish) and grouper and kanpyo (rehydrated gourd shavings) and broiled eel and octopus and shiitake mushrooms and soup and kappa and daikon and nori and wasabi and all the rest! It was tremendous.

[whither fandom?]

I've been reflecting on how fandom has affected the last seven and a half years of my life, and have discovered some rather surprising things. Surprising to me at least, since this was the first time that I had ever verbalized what I am sure that I must have known for a long time. I'll start this discourse where I started my thoughts: with the GRAND OLD FAMILY theory of fandom.

You see, fandom is really (so I've been told) just like a great big family, united by our common interests. That seems to be true in a certain sense, but I don't see that that is a meaningful analogy. Perhaps neos are initially attracted to fandom by an interest in SF (SciFi to you, Kip), and the opportunity to meet with other fans of this crazy Buck Rogers stuff. Yet it seems that after awhile, the interest in science fiction is turned into an interest in fandom, and the science fiction aspect is downplayed. Sure, most of us still read the stuff; probably prefer the stuff over much of anything else. Yet our interests are no longer common; we split ourselves into BNF's and neos; Pros and fans; faneds and letterhacks; apahacks and techies; fringefen and trekkies; friends and enemies. Where we might share some common interests within our own particular subgroup, it is hard to see how we all can be grouped together and arbitrarily called a family. Maybe a family in the sense that mankind is a family, or in the sense that all mammals are related, or in the sense that all Terran life is related by evolutionary descent, but certainly not in the sense that me and my brothers and my parents and Cousin Amy and Grandma Irma and Grandpa Ned and Grandma Fanny are a family. For to be a family would imply to me some type of caring, of a bonding, of loving. And fandom as a whole simply does not impress me in that fashion.

The next story of fandom relates how fandom is a haven for the emotional misfits of the world. This story tells us that most people who read science fiction are socially retarded, and don't function well with normal people (mundanes) who do other things with their time than read. This seems to have much truth to it; it is hard to devote a great deal of time to abstract academic pursuits when all of your energy and time are devoted to sports or airplanes or anything similarly time-and-energy consuming. Us socially retarded types didn't have these activities to occupy our time, and we were basically uncomfortable around people, so we turned to reading and other abstract devices for pleasure. Of course, this story is a gross oversimplification, and it appears to assume that everyone reads SF (SciFi) for an escape from mundane reality. It doesn't address the reading public who read SF for aesthetic reasons, or for the occassional intellectual exercise, or for simple entertainment. Yet for many years, I had felt that this story was true, that I was happy in fandom as a misfit among misfits.

That was adequate and sufficient for awhile. But I began to feel uncomfortable in that role, and I have recently begun to figure out why. It is true that fandom is a good haven for mundane society's misfits. What is disturbing is that there is no incentive for change and growth and improvement as a misfit within fandom. Fandom teaches that it is ok to be a misfit; that it is bad to be a fit. In a general sense, this is fine. It is better to be your own unique self than to be just another plastic person. Yet to many, the term 'misfit' is equivalent to the term 'unfit', and that is not correct. Being a misfit does not mean being unable to grow and advance; being unable to achieve more than the current fannish standard of mediocrity. Being a misfit should free one from the fetters of the mundane mold, rather than adding chains of fannish limitations. But that isn't the way the fandom runs.

So the misfits who join fandom and find acceptance, and later try to grow and discover other aspects of life, soon find that fannishness and nonfannish growth conflict. They discover that they must either remain as they are forever and remain safe in the obese bosom of fandom, or they must step out on their own, and get a job, and risk becoming respectable, a member of the mundane establishment.

I don't want to be in fandom for it's misfits; I don't want to be a misfit anymore, if it means being an unfit. I want to excell in everything that I do, not resign myself to a life of mediocrity. I want to be able to get along with all people that I meet in my life, fannish and nonfannish. I want to share experiences and grow and change with all of my friends, not just my fannish ones. I don't want my life to revolve around fannishness and fandom; I now see fandom as merely one of my interests. And my interest in fandom is in the friends that I have made through it, and will make through it. Fandom as a way of life does not appeal to me anymore. And I don't think that fans are Slans; many of the fans that I've met are just as stupid as your average brain-damaged television addict. I am beginning to see why so many pros who grew up in fandom now disdain to associate with it.

[end of zine]

See you next issue,

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